

Gal & R. b.
LETTERS

BETWEEN

EMILIA *K.*

AND

HARRIET.



L O N D O N;

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

M D C C L X I I.

26



ADVERTISEMENT

To the R E A D E R.

THE Editor assures the Reader, that the following Letters are published, with the Consent of the Writers. The Lady, who signs herself *Harriet*, is desirous to have them printed, that she may atone (to use her own Expression) for her former Folly, by deterring other giddy Girls from encouraging a *Sir George Townly*, and hazarding the Loss of a *Lovewell*.



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READERS

OF THE NEW

THE Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has the honor to inform the public that the first volume of the new series of the *Quarterly Review* is now published. The new series is published with the consent of the Editors, and is intended to be a more complete and useful work than the former series. The new series is published in two volumes, and is intended to be a more complete and useful work than the former series. The new series is published in two volumes, and is intended to be a more complete and useful work than the former series.

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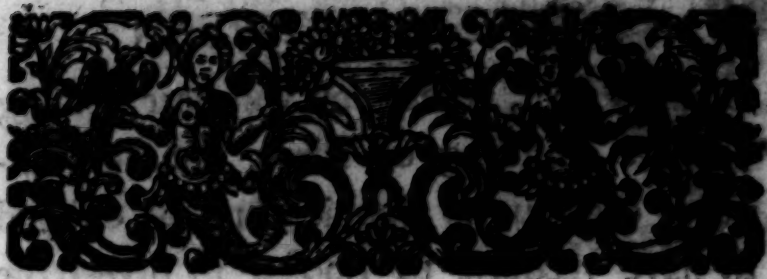
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LETTERS

BETWEEN
EMILIA and HARRIET.

LETTER I.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

YOUR obliging Desire of hearing from me, my dearest Friend, has drawn on yourself the Inconvenience of being troubled with a great deal of Nonsense. 'Tis your own Fault, for what else can you expect from so trifling a Correspondent? I find; my dear, you can really quit the Town when it begins to be most agreeable, and chuse to accompany your Mama to an old

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Country Seat, where you will hear nothing but the whistling of Birds, the Impertinence of Country Boobies, and be obliged to have recourse to Books, to divert the tedious Time.—How can you, *Emilia*, with Youth, Beauty, and Fortune, consent to sacrifice yourself in this manner? I vow I am angry with you, for leaving Town. To have no Masquerades, no Routs, Operas, nor any delightful Amusement to partake!—To rise with the Sun, and to retire to Bed when he sets!—Why Child, the very Thoughts of such a Life stupify me; and yet my good Mama often wishes I was not fond of public Diversions, and regrets your being out of Town, as she knows I prefer your Company even to these Amusements. Well, I must tell you she would not let me go to the Masquerade last Night, though the engaging Sir *George Townly* came in his Coach for me.—Do you think I was not angry? Upon my Word I have hardly spoke since, and am still out of Humour.—To be denied so innocent

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innocent an Amusement—'tis barbarous !
And I assure you, Lady *Toywell* and Miss
Sparkle were there in remarkable Dresses.
My Mama says, I am too fond of Com-
pany, and asks me if I design to live in
this Manner when I am married. Lud! —
what ado is here about Nothing?—How
can I look forward to such a Period, who
seldom think of more than the Amuse-
ments of the present Day.—I told her I
had no Intention of marrying.—Indeed it
is much better to be universally admired,
than to become the Slave of a Husband.
There is something horridly disagreeable
in that Name! It conveys to my Mind,
Confinement, Quarrels, and a Succession
of Cares. I believe I shall never marry
at all. You need not however mention
this as a Determination, because I may *pos-
sibly* change my Opinion; and one would
not, you know, lose the Pleasure of So-
licitations, nor be forced to continue in
an *unprotected* state; (as my good Mama
phrases it, when she is displeased with her
whimsical Daughter.)

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I know you'll join in condemning me, but I won't bear it, Child! Remember that, and write Nothing that has the Appearance of Disapprobation of my Conduct, for I shall certainly skim it over, and pay no Regard to it.

Mr. *Lovewell* still continues his Visits, though I use him in such a Manner, as I am sure I would not bear, was I in his Place. The Man is certainly a Fool, and yet I don't know, he talks sensibly enough sometimes; but then he dislikes the Town, and speaks with such Raptures of the Country!—Suppose he was to pay his Addresses to you?—'Tis an excellent Thought.—Will you have him, my dear? Positively I give up all Right and Title to him, and I am certain he would find the Change advantageous. How happy he would be! Each delights in the same *Amusements*, as you call them, and both hate *London*. If Conformity of Sentiment be requisite to render the Marriage State happy, Mr. *Lovewell* and you would be the happiest Pair in

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in the Universe; while with me, he would be continually uneasy and dissatisfied. Those Strings can produce only Discord, which are not in Unison.

I sometimes think I may be happy with Sir George.—He is always merry, loves the Town, and would not debar his Wife from *exclure* the Diversions of it. He is rich, young, agreeable, genteel, and always dresses in the Fashion. Do not imagine I like him greatly neither, for I really am free from any particular Regard that can disturb my Tranquility; but as I think I shall never marry for Love, I may as well accept a Title and a Coach and Six.

Think of it, and give me your Opinion.

I believe you have seen Mr. *Sinclair* here, and must inform you, he is added to the Number of my Admirers; but I don't like him, for the Coxcomb entertains me with Nothing but the Number of Ladies he has
cap-

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captivated. Indeed, he always concludes, with a Compliment to me, of the Preference he favours me with, but he seems to think I am so much indebted to him for this Preference, that I sometimes have Thoughts of discarding him. Yet it hurts me to lessen the Number of my Admirers, as they certainly give a Woman an Air of Dignity. I am so envied, so gazed at, as I walk in the Mall, surrounded by humble Enamorato's, that surely no Pleasure can equal the Joy I then feel. I know not whether it is a Satisfaction, that will bear Reflection.—I doubt it is not laudable, but I have not Time at present for Consideration.

Sir George is this Moment come in, and I must defer any farther Communication of Sentiments, than the Assurance of my being

Most sincerely your's,

HARRIET.

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LETTER II.

EMILIA to HARRIET:

I Thank you, my dear, for your kind Letter, and Wishes to have me with you; but you must forgive my telling you, I do not at all desire to see *London* at present. You know I never was fond of the Bustle and Noise of a Town Life; and had it not been for the Pleasure of your Society, should have rejoiced at quitting it long ago.

Give me Leave, my dear *Harriet*, to blame you for that passionate Fondness you express for public Diversions, especially as you find it disagreeable to your Mama, who sincerely loves you, and is willing you should partake them in a reasonable Manner. I will not say much on this Subject, as your own good Sense will soon make you see the Instability of those Pleasures, which you now consider as your highest Enjoyment.

You

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You desire I will give you my Sentiments on an Union with Sir *George Townly*, and I will do so sincerely. I have not, 'tis true, seen much of him, but enough to know, he can never make you happy. He is doubtless a great Rake, and I am certain it is a difficult and shocking Task, to reform a Man who has Fortune and Youth sufficient to enable him to continue the Way of Life he is now so fond of. A Libertine is a Character truly detestable! Nothing should ever prevail on me to give my Hand to a Man, whose Mind as well as Person would be alienated from me. If, (as a celebrated Novel Writer avers in one of his Characters) "*Amours have Nothing to do with the Heart,*" yet they corrupt the Mind; and what Satisfaction could a virtuous Woman be capable of receiving, from possessing the real Esteem of one, who whilst Youth and Health lasted, would abandon her for the Company of those, whose only Recommendation is their Sex, and would expose her to continual Uneasiness! But it is impossible a Libertine should properly

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properly love a truly amiable Woman. Vice may reverence, but it naturally fears Virtue. A Person has little Relish for that Merit in another, of which he finds no Resemblance in his own Breast. To marry a Libertine with the Hope of reclaiming him, is much too dangerous an Experiment; and instead of producing the desired Effect, is more likely to involve both Parties in endless Misery. To live in the most intimate Connection with a Man of abandoned Principles, how dreadful is the Thought to a Woman, who has Qualifications to adorn the conjugal State! Ought a virtuous Woman to dispense with Morality in an Husband! Her temporal and eternal Happiness depend upon her Choice! By an Union with a Libertine, a Woman sacrifices her most essential Duties, and forfeits Ease and Tranquility for a Life of continual Care and Solitude!

In a word, my dear *Harriet*, I know no one I would so soon recommend to you, as Mr. *Lovewell*. His good Sense, and amiable

amiable Qualifications, must render you happy, and his Fortune is sufficient to procure you every Pleasure a prudent Woman can desire. How can you trifle with such a Man, who loves you so sincerely, and at the same time give Encouragement to a Train of Fops, who disgrace you by their Company? Take care, my dear! this Behaviour will certainly lessen you in Mr. *Lovewell's* Esteem, and that of the more serious Part of the World. You have too just a Sense of his Merit to resign him, though your lively Turn disposes you to rally on the Subject. Do not gayly trifle with your Happiness. Be sensible of, and enjoy it. I love you so much, I interest myself deeply in all that concern you.

Since I came into the Country, I have made an Acquaintance with the Widow of Sir *William Friendly*, a young Gentleman who died of a Fever about three Months after he married. He was snatched early from the Enjoyment of as much temporal Happiness, as human Nature can possess,
and

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and left his Lady deplorably wretched. Her Conversation is extremely agreeable, and I pass great Part of my Time with her. She always mentions her Husband in the tenderest Manner, and declares she will never marry again, though her Youth and Beauty may render her Resolution suspected by those, who are unacquainted with her Solidity of Sentiment. Her Father and Mother have lived with her, since the Death of Sir *William*, and are very sensible and agreeable. She is left in very affluent Circumstances.

You may imagine, my dear *Harriet*, that I am not very unhappy; and though you will call me stupid for relishing a Country Life, I must still avow the same Inclination.

My Father is finely, and thinks the Country agrees with him: another Reason for liking it. I have not yet received much Company, but expect some few Visitors this Week. However, to confess the Truth, by what I have seen, I am not desirous of
an

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an Intimacy with any, but Lady *Friendly* and Miss *Trainwell*, the Clergyman's Sister, who is very sensible and good-natured.

We amuse ourselves with riding, reading, walking, &c. Lady *Friendly* generally reads while I sit at my Needle. A Life like this can afford you no Pleasure; yet I flatter myself you will receive some Degree of Satisfaction in visiting your Friend, and in the Summer Season the Country surely will have some Attractions.

Once more let me repeat my Cautions on Sir *George's* Account, and renew my Advice to dismiss the Train of Coxcombs, who attend your Levee. If I do not offend you, I would also press your speedy Acceptance of Mr. *Lovewell*.

I hope soon to have the Pleasure of knowing you forgive me, and that you believe me, what I really am,

Your's most affectionately,

EMILIA.

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LETTER III.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

WELL, well, my dear, you desire I would forgive you, and I do sincerely; nay I ought to think myself obliged to you, but you are very severe on your poor *Harriet*. And you really would persuade me to marry *Lovewell*! Soon too! Fie! *Emilia*, how can you give such Advice? Why, he would force me to live in the Country, and do you imagine I could endure the Restraint? I should never survive half a Year, the Loss of the Town Diversions, notwithstanding the *Attractions* you mention in the Country. That a Girl of your Age, and who possesses so refined an Understanding, should harbour such a romantic, unfashionable Taste, is to me astonishing! If this Man wants a Wife let him seek out for one, who could content-

B

edly

edly be immured with him. For my part, I have a mind to enjoy my young Time. I positively cannot marry at present, that's certain. Why Child, you would not have me render him insolent, by confessing a Regard for him, if a little Kind of a— lurking somewhat, does lie dormant, which I really cannot perceive any Symptoms of. Difficulty endears Conquest. What is gained with Ease is generally despised. The Sedulities of Love preserve it. A Man who has nothing to fear, naturally becomes indifferent. Love is nourished by Opposition. I really think if my Mother had disliked *Lovewell*, he would have been much more in Favour with me. But while I indulge these Reflections, I shall draw upon myself your Censure. Let me however have your Opinion on what I have said.

I like Lady *Friendly's* Character, but I am surprized she does not quit the Country,
and

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and come up to Town. At this Time of the Year, 'tis so contrary to the Custom of People of Fashion to bury herself in Solitude, I cannot reconcile it to my Idea of Happiness. Riding and walking too at this Season are horrid Exercises. For what do you walk? To promote an Appetite for your Dinner? Oh! Lud, methinks I see you muffled up to secure you from the Severity of the Frost, crossing Fields and Meadows, disrobed of their verdant Beauties, and presenting only a barren and gloomy Appearance. Then, riding, unless in *Hyde-Park*, where one can see and be seen, is no Amusement. In what manner can you pass your Evenings?—You read I suppose.—But this is rather tiresome and quite unfashionable, and one must conform to the Methods of People of Fashion. The Repetition of this Word, puts me in mind of a Composition of a Lady's, who shewed it me the other Day. It will please you I make no doubt, for

she is equally fond of the Country with yourself, and came up to Town only for a few Days on Business. She seems to have the same Notions, yet I cannot help saying, I think the Piece tolerably clever. I inclose it for your Perusal.

What a Prude you are grown! At your Years Child, to moralize in the Manner you do? So I must not marry Sir *George*, because he is a Rake! What an antiquated Notion! He is young and may reform, and a Woman with a Title and handsome Fortune, need not mind what Amusements her Husband pursues. However in serious Truth, I have no manner of Inclination for him; but then, his Rank, Equipage and Fortune, render him a desirable Admirer, and poor *Lovewell* is uneasy. I must tell you my dear, he came into the Dining Room yesterday Morning, where I sat in Expectation of Sir *George* and Miss *Flareit* to call me to walk in
the

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the *Park*. 'Tis an unusual Happiness, Madam, said he, to find you alone. Why indeed, answered I, I expect Sir *George* will call me presently to take a Walk in the *Park*. You won't be of our Party I suppose Mr. *Lovewell*, continued I with an Air of Indifference. Sir *George* is so happy in your good Opinion Madam, said he, very gravely, that I am not certain my Company will be agreeable. Nay, just as you please, replied I. Surely Madam, said he, you behave in this Manner only to try your Power, for I cannot think it your natural Disposition to delight in occasioning Misery. You exercise this Tyranny only to have Proofs of my Regard. Why will you encourage the Addresses of a professed Rake, and the Flattery of idle Coxcombs? Your good Sense I am sure must make you despise, while you seem to listen to them with Pleasure. Upon my word Mr. *Lovewell*, said I, one would imagine you have a Right to pre-

scribe Rules for my Conduct; but as I have a Parent who knows how to direct me, I must tell you, you take too great a Liberty, and I desire you'll forbear this Sort of Discourse for the future. I will do so, replied he, tho' I might reasonably hope a different Behaviour from your natural Sweetness of Disposition, but I see the Reason. Sir *George Townly* is so agreeable to you, that——He was proceeding, when that Gentleman and Miss *Flareit* entered the Room. I was rejoiced to see them, as their Appearance hindered the Progress of a Conversation, I was not much pleased with.

I beg Pardon Madam, said Sir *George*, for being somewhat later than the Time I mentioned; but this Lady not being ready, occasioned my Delay. Oh! I forgive you both, answered I, with the gayest Air I could assume, but indeed I have been wishing for you some time. Well
my

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my dear *Flareit*, we will go now if you please. Mr. *Lovewell*, I imagine you'll not give us your Company. I am sorry Madam, replied he, that Business prevents my longer enjoying the Pleasure of your's. He then took his leave with a most melancholy Air. I know you will blame me, but why is the Man so impertinent?

Sure, cried Sir George, Mr. *Lovewell* is a Person of prodigious Business, who can deny himself the Happiness of attending the Ladies! For my Part, I always make my Business subservient to my Pleasure. Certainly, answered Miss *Flareit*, all well-bred People do so; but I think *Lovewell* a poor stupid Fellow, and I can't imagine Child, why you receive his Visits. But come my dear *Harriet*, get ready, for we lose a delightful Morning. When we returned from the *Park*, we set Miss *Flareit* down at her own Door, and Sir George ac-

accompanied me Home. We repaired to the Dining Room, and entering into Conversation on indifferent Matters, he changed it to a particular Subject. He inveighed against Matrimony, wondered what Fool first introduced the Custom. I asked him if he spoke seriously? Certainly Madam, answered he, and I hope you are no Advocate for it. It is absurd for a Woman of Beauty and Merit to be subjected to the Ill-usage of a domestic Tyrant. Finding I was displeased with his Discourse, he turned it off with a gay Air, and vowed that with me he could always be happy.

He soon after took his Leave, and I own I have thought of this Conversation ever since. What can he mean? Surely he does not imagine — No, he cannot, dare not, think me so contemptible. — He said it only to hear my Opinion. — I am perfectly easy again, and as I don't
design

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design to marry *at present*, I do not care what he means.

Mr. *Sinclair* came in soon after, and gave me an Account of a most beautiful Lady, who fell in Love with him at the Play. The Coxcomb is so vain, I am half angry with him. He professed a violent Regard for me, and wished I would give him leave to hope. I told him, I rather thought I should never marry. My Mama, who had been absent all the Morning, came in before he went away, and as he is no Favourite of her's, she behaved very coolly, and gave him many Hints to be gone, which he disregarded for some time. As soon as he went away, my Mother began to upbraid my Conduct. I am surprized *Harriet*, said she, when I have so often desired you not to receive the Visits of this egregious Fop, that you will continue to do so. I insist on your dismissing him.

As

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As to Sir *George*, I am afraid he does not mean you honourably. I should be happy, if you would, by marrying Mr. *Lovewell*, remove my Fears of the other, who is his Inferior in every Respect but Rank and Fortune, and has a Sufficiency of the latter to enable you to live genteely. Consider my dear Child, I have no Hopes but from you, and my Fondness makes me desirous of seeing you settled in the World before I leave it. I am much obliged to you, Madam, answered I, for your Care of, and Goodness to me; but really you injure Sir *George*. 'Tis true he is not so formal and specious in Appearance as Mr. *Lovewell*, but he is not the worse on that Account. I could never be happy with *Lovewell*, for I know he hates the Town, and would confine me to the Country, which I always detested, and I am sure his Company would never compensate for the Loss of all other.—As to Mr. *Sinclair*,
the

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the Man is silly to be sure, but it gives one infinite Pleasure to be attended by a Train of Lovers, and Flattery my dear Mama delights, even from a Fool. Sure, said she, you imagine me very indulgent to your Foible, but you may be assured, I will dismiss Mr. *Sinclair*, and for Mr. *Lovewell*, I will not imagine you can be blind to his Merit. I command you, *Harriet*, to be always on your Guard in your Behaviour to Sir *George*, for I am afraid your too gay Conversation may encourage a Hope of obtaining you on very easy Terms. Answer me not, pursued she, seeing me change Colour, but let your Obedience manifest your Regard to my Advice.

I was glad she left the Room immediately, for I was quite angry, and don't know what I might have said. And she has really desired poor *Sinclair* never to visit me again.

I am

I am greatly vexed, but I can't help myself, and I know you will only laugh at me. I wish Child, you was heartily in Love, that I might return the Civility. Upon my word, it is a sad thing to lose a Lover in this Manner, and as I find I can write on no other Subject, I will break off abruptly, and add no more, than that, I am, my dear,

Most affectionately your's,

HARRIET.

Inclosed in the foregoing—

F A S H I O N.

Fraught with each Fashion in its highest Taste,
The Milleners from Town return in Haste,
The Young, the Old, the Homely, and the Fair,
To Mrs. *Modely's* Shop in Crowds repair.
Vers'd in th' important Article of Dress,
She ne'er despair'd of meeting with Success.

Flirtilla

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Flirtilla turns each Box with Transport o'er,
 Then cries, This Suit of Linen I adore!
 But come, dear *Modely*, prithee shew us more.
 I hear you've brought the sweetest Fashions down,
 Pray tell us what is chiefly worn in Town?
 Why Ladies, I believe you'll all agree,
 That none has more Variety than me.
 Pray did you ever see a better Lace?
 This Head-dress Mem, would much become your Face,
 Look at these Ear-rings, at this Necklace too,
 I think I never saw so fine a Blue.
 Here are great Choice indeed, *Dorinda* said,
Modely, I'll take these Ruffles and the Head.
 I find they make their Cloaks extremely short,
 And pink'd all over: what a pretty Thought!
 These Hats too, I suppose, came lately down?
 Yes Mem, no other Sort is worn in Town.
 I was at the Rehearsal Mem, and there
 Saw how the Ladies dress and wore their Hair.
 To *Ranelagh* two Nights I likewise went,
 To mind the Fashions, was my chief Intent;
 And I assure you Ladies, I brought down,
 What was most worn, by Quality in Town.
 The Ladies with a Smile her Taste approv'd,
 While o'er each Box, their Eyes with Transport rov'd:
 Flowers, Egrets, Lappets, Ruffles, charm their Sight,
 And each new Object adds to their Delight.

In

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In short, each Purse of its Contents was eas'd,
 And both the Parties mutually were pleas'd.
 Would you, ye Fair, a lasting Conquest gain,
 Let graceful Ease, and decent Neatness reign;
 Contemn the Arts, th' Extravagance of Dress;
 The Prudent ne'er are guilty of Excess;
 What tho' *Melinda* by her Airs could fix
 A Man of Fashion, in his Coach and Six?
 And gay *Bellaria* with successful Art,
 Has triumph'd o'er the proud *Lorenzo's* Heart?
 They never knew the Sweets of true Content;
 In Cards and Visits all their Lives are spent:
 Irksome and tedious pass their Hours away,
 They are but in Appearance always gay.
 But ye, who wish the real Joys to prove,
 That flow from constant, and from artless Love,
 Know, Ign'rance only runs into Excess,
 For Ease and Neatness are the Height of Dress.
 In elegant Simplicity alone,
 True Taste in Dress, and prudent Thought are shown:
 Does any Fair a Man of Merit bind,
 Her Form is artless, and adorn'd her Mind.

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LETTER IV.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

INDEED my dear *Harriet*, I do, and must blame you for your Behaviour to Mr. *Lovewell*, especially as your Mama is so desirous you should be his. Though I can scarcely expect my Arguments can have any Weight, where her's have failed, yet I will once more venture to give my Sentiments as you desire, and my Friendship prompts them. Difficulty, you say, endears Conquest. I grant that where the Difficulty arises from any other Cause, than real or affected Dislike in the beloved Object, it calls forth every Demonstration of Tendernefs, which otherwise could not be exerted. We are perhaps never so sensible of the Merit of Persons, when on the Point of losing them for ever. The Mind, softened by the Anguish
of

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of parting, feels the tenderest Emotions; which cannot be displayed, when the Heart is no longer labouring under the Pangs of Uncertainty, nor the Shock of a final Separation. But depend on it my dear, where the Difficulty proceeds from Affectation, it lessens Esteem, where from real Dislike, it is criminal to give any Encouragement.

Sir George's Behaviour is but too easily understood, and I am surprized that a Person of my dear Friend's Discernment, should not perceive he does not intend to marry. Why are you so blinded by your good Opinion of him? Or rather, Why are you indifferent in a Matter so highly essential to your Happiness? Take care, my *Harriet*! Too great Confidence in our own Strength, weakens our Reliance on the Supreme Being, whose Assistance is absolutely necessary to preserve in us, a constant Attention to our Duty.

I am

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I am glad your Mama has dismissed Mr. *Sinclair*, and am certain on serious Reflection you will be so too, for by giving Encouragement to Coxcombs, you depreciate yourself in the Opinion of Persons of Merit.

The Verses you inclosed, pleased my Taste, and I am glad you allow them to be tolerable.—You affect to be surprized at Lady *Friendly's* Fondness for Solitude. I assure you, her natural Disposition inclines her to Retirement; and if she will give me leave to impart to you an Ode of her's, on Solitude, you will find, it is really from a Motive of Choice, that she secludes herself.

Thus far I wrote yesterday, when I little imagined a most interesting Subject would demand my Pen.—You heartily wish I was in Love, you say.—Upon my word, my dear, I am afraid it is even so, for I

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have

have seen a Man, who appears to me more amiable, than any I ever heard converse. I dined at Mr. *Trainwell's*, and amongst the rest of the Company, was one Mr. *Sydney*, a young Gentleman, who lives near *** with his Uncle. His Person is agreeable, but to hear him speak, delights both the Ear and the Understanding. My Memory was faithful to the Impression his Discourse made on my Heart, and I will relate to you the Substance of his Conversation, which I committed to Paper immediately on my Return.

One of the Gentlemen observed, that notwithstanding a general insatiable Thirst after Knowledge, there were few who applied to the most useful Study, the Knowledge of themselves. This Observation produced many others, which had nothing striking enough to fix my Attention, till Mr. *Trainwell*, addressing himself to Mr. *Sydney*, desired him to give us the Pleasure of hear-
ing

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ing his Sentiments on this Subject. After a little Hesitation, I own Sir, said he, it is a Matter which has engaged my most serious Consideration; I will comply with your Request, and satisfy in the best Manner I am able, the silent Expectation of the Company, as I find your and their Diffidence really prevent a full Knowledge of yourselves.—To know one's self, when taken in its most wide and comprehensive Sense, is a Task which embraces all the Knowledge human Nature can acquire, and all the Duties human Nature can perform. It directs us to enquire, whence we are, or to whom we owe our Being, where we are, or to what End we were produced, and what we are.

Under the first Head is comprehended, the Knowledge our Faculties are fitted to arrive at, concerning the Deity, and the Duties we owe to him; under the second Head, how we stand related to our Fellow-

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Creatures, and what Duties we owe to them; and under the last Head is comprehended, the Knowledge of our Attainments and Weaknesses, considered as human Creatures, and the Knowledge of our Accomplishments and Imperfections, more immediately relating to one's self, as an individual Society. But as the Precept was recommended to us, by a Philosopher of *Greece*, in the Youth of the World and Infancy of Learning, it is probable, that he did not consider it in this extensive Sense, but confined it wholly to the Knowledge of ourselves as Individuals. When it is restrained to these narrow Limits, the Task is not so difficult, as is in general imagined; and I have often thought, that more People know themselves, than is commonly believed. For was it not so, how could Affectation possess so wide a Dominion as every one's Experience evinces? Could Cunning else use every Art to detract from Excellence? Most assuredly, such Minds

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as these are sensible of their own Meanness! The Affected know themselves deficient in the Qualities they would appear to have; and the Cunning, from a Consciousness of their own Want of Merit, endeavour to lessen what they cannot possess. I will just lay down two Methods by which we may know ourselves; not that I look upon them as the best, but because they are the least taken notice of. All Merit is comparative. To know ourselves therefore, it appears to me necessary, that we should know others. He who has the fewest Frailties, and Virtues the greatest in Number, and most exalted, is the best Man; and how nearly we are arrived at that Character, can only be known by comparing ourselves with the Virtuous. The other Method is, either, by forming in our Imaginations a perfect Character, or taking one as drawn by the glowing Fancy of a Poet, comparing our own Qualifications with which, we may

attain a perfect Knowledge of ourselves, Thus may Imagination be made subservient to Reason, and Fiction become the Handmaid of Truth. And by these Methods, we shall not only in the End, but even whilst in Pursuit, attain to an Improvement in Virtue. For, in the former Case, the Characters of our Acquaintance, will become so many Lights, by which we shall see to avoid dangerous Rocks, or direct us to secure Havens. In the latter Case, captivated by the Beauty of the Object, we shall insensibly imitate its Perfections,

Whether I have done Justice to his Manner of Expression I am not certain; but I am well convinced, I have not omitted any of his Sentiments, however they may have suffered from being deprived of the Grace and Elegance with which he delivered them. I listened with so fixed an Attention, that I lost not a single Word. The Company joined in applauding his
just

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just Turn of Mind, and rejoiced in having referred to his Sentiments, for a Conviction of their own superficial, or mistaken Observations.

I think Mr. *Sydney* the most amiable Man I was ever acquainted with, and I had the Pleasure of perceiving in his Eyes that he viewed me with particular Regard. My Papa asked him to favour us with his Company, and I was infinitely pleased to hear him promise us a Visit. We took a Walk in the Garden after Tea, and Miss *Trainwell* and I happening to be behind the rest, she asked how I liked Mr. *Sydney*? I felt a Blush mount into my Face, and answered with some Hesitation, I thought him an agreeable Man; then carelessly enquired into his Circumstances and Family. She told me his Father had been an eminent Attorney in *London*, but had lived in so expensive a Manner as to be quite reduced; that he

and his Wife had been some time dead, and left two Sons wholly unprovided for; that the eldest had been some Years in the *West-Indies*, where he had gained a considerable Fortune; and that this young Gentleman lived with an Uncle, who supported him, rather from Ostentation, than real Affection, and whose Fortune was very small, but his Family Pride insupportably troublesome. She was here interrupted in her Discourse by the Subject of it, and as we soon after left Mr. *Trainwell's*, nothing else happened worth communicating. You can't imagine, my dear *Harriet*, how much Mr. *Sydney's* Merit has affected me. I am impatient to see him again, and yet I fear his Want of Fortune will be an unmountable Bar.—But I am not yet certain that he likes me.

Now you will have the Opportunity you have so much wished for, of laughing at me; but let me tell you, I do not
think

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think you have much less Regard for Mr. *Lovewell*. The Delight you take in teizing him, is to me a convincing Proof, and I hope you will soon give me a more convincing one, by rewarding his Merit and Passion.

Although my Heart is engaged by an Object worthy its tenderest Affection, it still retains, and will ever feel, that Esteem and Regard for my dear *Harriet*, which has from earliest Years actuated the Breast of

Your's sincerely,

EMILIA.

LETTER V.

HARRIET to EMILIA:

I Give you Joy my dear! You are in for it indeed Child! I am glad to find you are not so insensible as I thought you, but I am afraid you will have a few Obstacles in your Way. However don't let me discourage you. Go on, and prosper.

Upon my word I am really angry with you for endeavouring to persuade me I like *Lovewell*. Impossible, Child! It cannot be. Why we don't think alike in any one Circumstance. Prithee no more of these Insinuations. I declare you half frightened me when I first read your Letter. Sure said I, it can't be so; and I examined my Heart, but really can find nothing in it like Love. You wicked Creature, how could you alarm me so?

And

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And you really would not have me suffer Sir *George's* Visits! Why my dear, his Rank and Fortune make him the most envied Lover I entertain. I cannot part with him indeed; and besides, as I have given up *Sinclair* without a great deal of Regret, there is no Occasion for my discarding Sir *George*.

I have not seen Mr. *Lovewell* since I wrote to you last. Surely the Wretch will not abandon me, after so many Years of Sedulity. I know you will say, he would treat me as I deserved; but dear malicious Girl, I must not part with him so neither. However I shall not give myself any trouble about him.

Since my last, I have taken a Maid Servant, with whom I am extremely pleased. She is a handsome sensible Girl, but seems melancholy, and loves to be alone. You will perhaps be surprized at my troubling you

you with this Account of a Servant; but I have an odd Circumstance to mention. She was in my Room the other Day, when Sir George called me to go to the Opera. At Sight of him, a visible Confusion spread itself over her Face. Her Eyes were filled with Tears, and she begged I would give her leave to quit the Room, as she found herself not well. He immediately caught the Infection, and turned as pale as Death; but his natural Gayety soon regained Possession of his Features. What their Behaviour means I know not; but I am determined to find out. I should have imagined there had been too great an Intimacy between them; but her strong Recommendation from a Person of Character, her engaging Modesty and Sweetness of Behaviour, prepossess me in her Favour. I interrogated her after I came home, but could learn nothing, for she affirmed, she had really been ill, which had occasioned the Change in her Countenance.

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tenance. I know not what to make of this Affair; Curiosity renders me inquisitive. True Woman my dear, Naturally Eve-ish.

What do you think my *Emilia*? I have had a second Lecture from my Mama; on Sir *George's* and Mr. *Lovewell's* Account, which ended with strict Injunctions to be careful on my Behaviour to the former, and with her most earnest Wishes I would accept the Hand of the latter. Lud! I believe my good Mama and you find out Qualities in the Man, which I am unable to perceive, and which I cannot think really exist; or you have a Desire to see me married, in hopes that Engagement will correct my *extravagant* Love of Diversions, and Fondness of Admiration, and render me as grave and demure as yourselves. But Child, if I am certain Matrimony will not have this Effect, am I not in the right to defer entering into a State which requires
a So-

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a Solidity I am not capable of? I think my Determination is founded on Reason.

But to wave my own Affairs, which have engaged too much of my Attention. The Sentiments of your gentle Swain please me infinitely. Indeed they do; for though I am gay and naturally inconsiderate, yet when I chuse to peruse a serious Subject, no one can be more attentive. 'Tis true, it does not make that lasting Impression on me, as on the Minds of the thoughtful and sagacious (I have a particular Person in my Eye) but perhaps I may, some Years hence, be as prudent and sententious as my Advisers. You must not be too grave, and I'll endeavour not to be too light and flippant.

Mama has invited Mr. *Lovewell* to meet a Relation of her's at Supper. I must

be

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be ready to receive him; and as I intend to put on my most becoming Appearance, that he may be concerned for his late Insolence (Insolence I repeat, my dear) and submit to any Penance I shall chuse to enjoin, I must subscribe myself in haste,

Your affectionate and faithful

HARRIET.

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LETTER VI.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

AS you inform me my dear, you can be serious upon occasion, I will make you the Confidant of my Uneasiness; and do not doubt your kindly sympathizing, though the Gayety of your Heart *will* overflow, even when it has real Cause to be depressed, and is affected with the Miseries of the Unfortunate.

I mentioned to you my Esteem and Admiration of Mr. Sydney, which increased every time I saw him. It afflicted me to observe a pensive, melancholy Air always appeared visible in his Face. If I caught his Eyes, they were immediately withdrawn, and a deep Sigh issued from his Breast. I am willing to hope he loves me, and declines revealing his Passion for
fear

fear of a Repulse; but my Uncertainty renders me as thoughtful as he is. My Father and Mother admire him very much, and frequently invite him, but he always refuses, yet in so polite a Manner, as cannot possibly offend.

I was yesterday at Lady *Friendly's*, and Mr. *Sydney* came in the Afternoon. He coloured at Sight of me. We took a Walk after Tea, and as he and I happened once to be somewhat behind Lady *Friendly* and her Mother, his Confusion returned, and he in vain endeavoured to assume Courage to entertain me. Surely this must be Love! On our Return, he entered into Conversation, and his Sentiments on every Subject, were perfectly just. He breathed forth the true Spirit of Benevolence, and the strictest, most exalted Piety. With a refined Understanding, he possesses a truly generous, and tender Heart. Lady *Friendly* mentioned Sir *William* in a Manner that drew Tears from

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our Eyes. She expatiated on their happy Union, and asked Mr. *Sydney* if he did not think Marriage, where Love was properly founded, the most blissful State of Mortality. The Question seemed to embarrass him; but soon recovering himself, Yes, Madam, said he, where Love is founded on Esteem, and supported by a mutual endeavour to please, the most glowing Imagination cannot paint a Scene of more perfect Felicity. That there are few happy Marriages, is owing to ill-judged, and too precipitate Engagements. For my own part, continued he, softening his voice, was I not so circumstanced, that it would appear an unpardonable Presumption to address a Woman of Merit, I would soon convince the World of my Sentiments. But in my Situation, the most pure and disinterested Regard would be mistaken for a lucrative Design; and till I can prove the Sincerity of my Passion, it shall ever be concealed within my own Breast. He sighed, as he pronounced these

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these Words, and I found myself in a very odd Situation. I could not repress my Hopes, that the Love he mentioned, was what I wished to inspire; and I flattered myself, he would accompany me home, and convince me I was the Object of his Affection. But how was I disappointed! when he soon after took his leave, saying he expected a Gentleman at his Uncle's. This Behaviour has occasioned me great Uneasiness, but I will not trouble you with any Complaints.

I hope Mr. *Lovewell* and you have accommodated matters, and shall rejoice to be informed you intend making that worthy Man happy. Listen to the Advice of your Friends, and the Impulse of your own Heart, and do not render yourself and him miserable by a continued Ill-usage.

As to Sir *George* and *Laurinda*, I am afraid there has been too great an Intimacy between them, and her Excuse of Illness

was too shallow not to be seen through, was you not blinded by your good Opinion of her and your designing Lover (as I must call him.) I am not apt to judge by Appearances, which are often deceitful, but in this Case, I think there is a Foundation for my Suspicions. Let me intreat you to examine this Affair, and discharge her, if there is any Truth in my Fears.

Sir George Townly, if guiltless in this Respect, cannot be worthy of you, and is disagreeable to your Mama.

Let me hear from you soon. Your Letters are always pleasing, and will in my present Situation be doubly welcome, as in your Friendship I find Relief from those anxious Fears which have lately disquieted the Heart of

Your's unalterably,

EMILIA.

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I inclose Lady *Friendly's* Ode, with an
Injunction from her, that you will not
shew it any Person but your Mama and
Mr. *Lovewell*.

Inclosed in the foregoing.

An ODE to SOLITUDE.

Oh ! Solitude ! Celestial Maid !
Wrap me in thy sequester'd Shade,
And all my Soul employ ;
From Folly, Ignorance, and Strife,
From all the giddy Whirls of Life,
And loud unmeaning Joy !
While, in the Statesman's glowing Dream,
Fancy pourtrays the high-wrought Scheme,
And plans a future Fame !
What is the Phantom he pursues ?
What, the Advantage that accrues ?
Alas ! an empty Name !

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To him, the Grove no Pleasure yields,
The mossy Bank, nor verdant Fields,
Nor Daisy-painted Lawns;
In vain, th' ambrosial Gale invites,
In vain, all Nature sheds Delights,
Her genuine Charms he scorns!

Pleasure allures the giddy Throng,
The Gay, the Vain, the Fair, and Young,
All bend before her Shrine;
She spreads around delusive Snares,
The borrow'd Garb of Bliss she wears,
And tempts in Form Divine.

Fashion, with wild tyrannic Sway,
Directs the Business of the Day,
And reigns without Controul;
The Beaus, and sparkling Belles, confess
She animates the Modes of Dress,
And chains the willing Soul.

Can

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 55

Can these, the Slaves of Fashion's Pow'r,
Enjoy the silent tranquil Hour,
And bloom with Nature's Glow?
Or, to the Votaries of Sense,
Can Solitude her Sweets dispense,
And Happiness bestow?

How wretched that unfurnish'd Mind,
Which, to each vain Pursuit inclin'd,
Is ever bent to roam!
Oh! be that restless State abhorr'd!
Seek not for Happiness abroad,
She's only found at home!

Ye Sages, who with anxious Care,
Rov'd thro' the fleeting Tracks of Air,
A Vacuum to find;
Wiser had ye employ'd your Skill,
With solid Sense, and Worth to fill
The Vacuum of the Mind!

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Let Choice, not wrinkled Spleen engage
The Mind, to quit the World's gay Stage,
Where Folly's Scenes are play'd.
Sour Discontent, and pining Care,
Attaint the Fragrance of the Air,
Disturb the silent Shade.

Not wounded by Misfortune's Dart,
I seek to ease the rankling Smart
Of thorny-fest'ring Woe;
But, far remote from Crowds and Noise,
To reap fair Virtue's placid Joys,
In Wisdom's Soil they grow.

I ask not pageant Pomp, nor Wealth,
For blest with Competence and Health,
'Twere Folly to be great!
May I thro' Life serenely slide,
As yon clear Streams that silent glide,
Nor quit this lov'd Retreat.

Beneath

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Beneath this leafy Arch reclin'd,
I taste more true Content of Mind
Than frolic Mirth can give;
Here to the busy World unknown,
I feel each blissful Hour my own,
And learn the Art to live!

While turning Nature's Volume o'er,
Fresh Beauties rise unseen before,
To strike th' astonish'd Soul!
Our mental Harmony improves,
To mark each Planet how it moves,
How all in Order roll!

From Nature's fix'd, unerring Laws,
We're lifted to th' Eternal Cause,
Which moves this lifeless Clod;
This wond'rous Frame, this vast Design,
Proclaims the Workmanship Divine,
The Architect, a God!

Oh!

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Oh! sacred Bliss! thy Paths to trace,
And happiest they of human Race,

To whom this Pow'r is giv'n
Each Day, in some delightful Shade,
By Contemplation's fostering Aid,

To plume the Soul for Heav'n!

LETTER VII.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

TO let you see what a good-natured Creature I am, I take the very earliest Opportunity of answering your's; but you must forgive my laughing at you, for I really cannot help it! What an odd Kind of a sighing, blushing Lover have you got! I could not bear to keep him Company; but you have caught the Infection, and are in as bad a way, poor thing! You'll never come together, take my Word for it. Impossible! for he'll never be able to speak, and you can't ask him you know.—Then to leave you to go home by yourself! why the Man must absolutely be a Fool. You can't persuade me to the contrary. Would not any other Lover have rejoiced at an Opportunity of entertaining his Mistress alone? To be sure,

sure, what he said of Love was clever enough, and I do suppose he meant you should apply it. But unless he is more explicit, what will his disinterested Passion avail? However, I really pity you both, and wish you happy in each other, for I cannot help saying, he seems designed for you. I proposed poor *Lovewell* to you, but you have found a Fellow Mind, and will bear no mention of any other.

Poor *Laurinda* has promised to communicate something of Consequence, and desires I will dedicate to-morrow Morning to her. She has been very ill, but is now better in Health and Spirits.

I beg you will make my Acknowledgements to Lady *Friendly*, for the Favour of her Ode. I like the Poetry, and the Sentiments are very good, but I do not chuse to adopt them. I had leave to shew the Ode to my Mama, and to *Mr. Lovewell*!

Not

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Not I truly my dear, for three Reasons. In the first place, it would make him too considerable, if he was intrusted with a Secret; and secondly the Sentiments would strengthen his Fondness for a Country Life. Lud! Child, I should have been condemned by my own Imprudence. You find in some Cases, I think more deeply than you imagined, but I have a stronger Reason than I have yet given.

I have deferred till now acquainting you with the Result of Mr. *Lovewell's* Visit, for I really am a little ashamed of my Behaviour, but he was monstrously provoking. I want to communicate, and yet I dread your Censure, especially after what I have said of your Swain. You will now be revenged, for all my trifling. Had I began my Letter with the Account, I should not have had Courage to have rallied you. But to my Story, for it must be told.

Mr.

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Mr. *Lovewell* came early in the Afternoon, and found me alone, in the Par-
lour. After the usual Compliments, I
should make some Apology, Madam, said
he gravely, for my long Absence, did I
imagine you have thought it tedious; but
your Behaviour has convinced me, an Excuse
is not necessary. What would you have
me say, Mr. *Lovewell*? answered I with a
gay Air; to be sure you expect a Com-
pliment, but I have not the Art of de-
livering them. My Mama wished to see
you, and sent for you, imagining I sup-
pose you stood upon Ceremony, being so
great a Stranger. Can you blame me, cry-
ed he warmly, for not coming oftener, when
the cool Reception you give me, assures
me my Company is troublesome? I had
almost determined not to pay another Vi-
sit, but could not refuse your Mama's
kind Invitation, and vainly flattered my-
self, you would not be displeased to see
me.

Lord

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Lord bless me! replied I, what Fancies your Head is filled with! In what manner do you expect to be received?

Not as you receive Sir George Townly, Madam, interrupted he; I am but too sensible of the different Sentiments you entertain for him and me. The Knowledge of his being out of Town on a Party of Pleasure, made me more readily wait on you, knowing by fatal Experience, had he been here, I must have been neglected. You give yourself most important Airs indeed Sir, answered I, and I know not what Right you have to interfere with my Conduct. I behave as pleases myself. Ah! Madam, cried he, if I have said more than appears consistent with the Character of a Lover, impute it to the Violence of my Passion. After the convincing Proofs you have given me of your Jealousy, replied I gravely, I should be to blame to imagine your

Regard

Regard sincere, and I have often told you I am not inclined to marry. It must be a different Behaviour which only can produce the desirable Effect. Have I not, said he, had Reason to be jealous? Recall to mind the many Occasions you have given me by your Preference of *Sir George*, and cease to blame me. Oh! would you kindly make one Concession, I should indeed be happy. Without promising to grant, answered I, let me know your Request. Dismiss *Sir George Townly*, replied he, and I shall then, dearest *Harriet*, be convinced my Suspicions are ill-founded. You frown, and I fear you think I ask too much. Indeed *Mr. Lovewell*, returned I, you are much too presumptuous, and must excuse my absolute Refusal. *Sir George Townly's* Addresses do me honour, and though I do not tell you I intend to reward his Passion, yet I will confess, his Affiduities are more likely to inspire an equal Regard, than the bold Demands of the

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 65

the insolent Mr. *Lovewell*. To be sure, my dear, this was rather too much, but why did the Man provoke me?

You have now given me an Answer Madam, said he, which will suffice, and I will take care never to give you another Opportunity of triumphing over a Heart, which you know not the Value of, and which has too long been your Slave. I will trouble you no more. You have been too indifferent to my Passion, to regard the Loss of him you esteem the least worthy of your Admirers. But let me intreat me you will not put yourself into Sir *George's* Power. You know not what such a Villain is capable of. There is no Occasion for this Sir, answered I, my Conduct has been irreproachable, I have no Fears on Sir *George's* Account, nor am I such a Baby as to need your Instructions. As to your Resolution of visiting me no more, I am perfectly easy; you are at Liberty to do as you think proper.

E

He

He was preparing to answer, when my Mama entered the Room. She saw we had been quarrelling, and begged Mr. *Lovewell* to tell her the Occasion. My great Affection for this Lady, Madam, said he, and your Goodness to me, encouraged me to pay my Addressee to her, and I hoped a kind Return, but find myself disappointed, and have lately been so ill treated, I am determined to trouble her no more. Excuse me if I decline passing this Evening here, since it can be agreeable to neither of us. I am extremely concerned Sir, answered my Mama, that *Harriet's* ill-judged Behaviour should occasion you to form so unalterable a Resolution. Believe me, nothing could have conducted so much to my Happiness as a Union between you and her; but I must, though unwillingly, acquiesce in your Determination. Your great Merit has gained my high Esteem, which I shall always preserve. You are infinitely obliging, Madam, returned he, and your Goodness renders me unwilling

to

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 67

to give up my Title to a nearer Claim. But I must not indulge such Thoughts. Excuse my abrupt Departure, and believe me ever disposed to your Service. He then left us, filled with very different Sentiments of his Behaviour. My Mama, prejudiced in his Favour, loaded me with Reproaches, which I knew not how to bear, though conscious of deserving them. I believe her Harangue would have been much longer, had not my Cousin's Entrance interrupted her. I left the Room, not doubting she would acquaint him with the Affair, and so it proved, for on my Return he got up, and taking one of my Hands, It gives me great concern dear Cousin, said he, to hear Mr. Lovewell has resolved to discontinue his Visits, but I hope it is in my Power to make up Matters between you. Ah! for Heaven's Sake Sir, interrupted I hastily, do not speak to him on this Subject. He must imagine I desired you to mediate between us, and

68 LETTERS BETWEEN

I should die with Confusion. He chused to give himself Airs, but his Behaviour occasions me no manner of Uneasiness. I have not so mean an Opinion of your Understanding and Sensibility, replied he, as to imagine you indifferent to such Merit, though the unjustifiable Pleasure of wounding a worthy Heart, influences your Conduct. You need not fear my interposing, as you dislike being reconciled, but I am certain you'll repent your Usage of him. I shall say no more.

I will own to you that I am a little uneasy; but Lord bless me! how this Sex expect to be humoured! Well! all is over, so I will not repine, and I desire you will not chide me, for I cannot bear it from you, though I must submit, and listen to my Mama. She has told me I shall never receive any more of Sir George's Visits. I *could* cry from Vexation, but you will only laugh at me.

I shall

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I shall be pleased to know your Strephon has made more direct Advances, but I would not have you expect it, for I cannot imagine even his Love will get the better of his natural Timidity,

Laurinda begs to see me, therefore I can only repeat that, I am, my dear,

Your sincerely affectionate

HARRIET!

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LETTER VIII.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

My ever dear Friend!

I Have so melancholy an Account to send you, that I must suspend entirely our own Affairs, till I have imparted it. Poor Lady *Friendly* is no more! she breathed her last yesterday, and has hardly left an equal.

She sent on Monday to desire I would take an airing with her on Horseback. On our Return, a Man in an adjacent Field discharged a Gun, and the noise frightened Lady *Friendly's* Horse so much, that he ran away with her. Her Servants and I followed, and when we came up, judge my Excess of Grief to find her bleeding on the Ground, and to all Appearance

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pearance dead. I immediately dispatched one of the Servants for her Coach, while the other, with my Assistance, raised her from the Earth. Her Head was cut in several Places, her right Arm, and one of her Legs very much bruised. She opened her Eyes, as the Coach came up, but fainted again on being lifted into it, and continued in a State of Insensibility. Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill*, her Father and Mother, had been unable to gather the Truth from the Servant; but when they saw her supported, or rather carried by two, you cannot form an Idea adequate to their Affliction. The unhappy Mother wrung her Hands in an Agony of Grief, while the wretched Father stood in speechless Sorrow. Oh! my dear, my Eyes and Heart are so full I can hardly see to write! We conveyed her to Bed, and immediately sent for two Physicians, who on their first Arrival pronounced her irrecoverable, and thought she would not live an Hour. Con-

trary to Expectation, her Senses returned. I was seated by her. She took my Hand, and tenderly pressed it to her Lips. Her Mother came forward, and the dear Lady held out her Hand, which the afflicted Parent wetted with her Tears. We sat up with her all Night; she fainted many times, and we feared her Strength would be quite exhausted. However, she at last fell asleep. When she awaked, she called for her Father and Mother, who came instantly to her.

My dear Parents, said she in a faltering Voice, cease to afflict yourselves for what is unavoidable. I am certain I cannot live, but oh! remember, you ought not to repine at the wise Dispensations of Providence. The Suddenness of my Death must affect you, but to a Person who is always prepared, it cannot happen unseasonably. For you, dear *Emilia*, whom I love as a Sister, accept my Thanks for
your

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your Care and Tenderneſs, and oh! comfort as much as in your Power my afflicted Parents. They were unable to answer her. Ah! dear Madam, cryed I, let us indulge the Hopes of your Recovery. You ſeem finely, and a few Hours Reſt may perfectly reſtore you. No, answered ſhe faintly, I am convinced I cannot live, but I would — She could ſay no more, but ſwooned in my Arms. Her Mother fell without Senſe on the Floor, and was with Difficulty recovered. The Father's Grief rendered him unable to aſſiſt me, and he ſat immoveable. At laſt both revived, and the Phyſicians intreated us to leave Lady *Friendly*, left her Efforts to ſpeak ſhould occaſion a Relapſe. We left the Room, and I begged the old Lady to lay down, and endeavour to compoſe herſelf. She took my Advice, and Mr. *Goodwill* went down with me. His ſilent Sorrow pierced me to the Soul, and was more eloquent than Words. Lady *Friendly* could not be recon-

14 LETTERS BETWEEN

reconciled to our leaving her, and sent for me. My dear, said she, I have desired Mr. *Trainwell* to administer to me the Sacrament; till he comes I beg you'll stay with me, and I have to intreat you'll accept a few Trifles as Remembrances of me, and not think yourself at all obliged to me, for I am convinced your Merit, and the Affiduities you have rendered me, deserve infinitely more.

Oh! my dear Lady, how you wound me with these unmerited Praises! Why do you talk of leaving the World? May you enjoy many Years, and bless your Friends! My Tears prevented my proceeding. She embraced me with great Tenderness. Her Father and Mother coming in that Instant, she begged them to sit down by her. They complied, and she began.

I am too sensible of the Pain it gives
you

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you to part with me; but oh! my dear, ever-honoured Parents, we must submit to the Almighty's Will; instead of afflicting yourselves, look forward to the Happiness that awaits me. I am well assured I shall be received into those Heavenly Mansions appointed for the Good, and your Sorrow is ill-founded. Consider I am leaving a World of Cares, and who knows what might have happened had I continued longer here! 'Tis true, I have hitherto had no other Affliction, than the Loss of my dearest Husband, but that was severe beyond Expression, yet for your Sakes, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to it, and Religion forbade me to indulge my Grief; but believe me, I rejoice we shall soon be re-united! Oh! what a joyful Meeting will that be! At this awful Moment, how light, how trifling do all worldly Considerations appear?

She could say no more, but clasping her
Hands

Hands and lifting up her Eyes, seemed to pray for the Accomplishment of her Wishes by a final Release. Her afflicted Parents threw themselves on the Bed, and embraced her in the tenderest Manner. Oh! my Daughter, my dear, dear Daughter, cried the old Man, must we lose you? The Blessing and Support of our old Age! 'Tis too much! The Mother could not speak. The sweet expiring Saint thus resumed,

Do not, my dear Parents, afflict yourselves. God will be your Support, and we shall meet, never to part again. My dear *Emilia*, be so kind as to withdraw till I have seen Mr. *Trainwell*; for this Sight discomposes me too much. You may afterwards come in with my poor Parents, and receive my last Breath.

We withdrew, and at the Door met Mr. *Trainwell*; he only bowed to us, as he passed. The unhappy Parents, Hand
in

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in Hand, sat down in the Dressing Room, and Mrs. *Goodwill* reclining her Head on her Husband's Breast indulged her Sorrow, while the good old Gentleman's Tears trickled down upon her Face. This Sight greatly affected me, and I exhorted them to bear up with Patience; they listened to me very attentively, but when I had finished, shook their Heads, and declared they could not survive her, but soon added, they hoped Religion would have the same Effect on them, as on their exalted Daughter.

When Mr. *Trainwell* came down, he informed us, he never saw such an Instance of Piety and Resignation, as in Lady *Friendly*, who now desired to see us; upon entering the Room, she faintly called us; and when we were seated near her, I am now, I thank God, entirely prepared for Death, and I hope, my dear Parents, that Time, and the divine Assistance, will enable

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ble you to support my Loss. If I had lived and enjoyed many Years of Health, with other Blessings, yet at last the Scene must change, and our parting would only have been deferred. I look forward with Joy to my approaching Dissolution; a Period, which all must experience, when every thing but a self-approving Conscience is insignificant and of no avail! What a Satisfaction, that I have secured that pleasing Reflection! You, my beloved Parents, were not discouraged by the Insinuations of a gay unthinking World, who represented your Attention to religious, and moral Duties, as Pretence and affected Singularity. You instilled into my Mind the Precepts of divine Truth, and strengthened and confirmed them by your Practice. We have not been diverted from the Pursuance of a regular, uniform Life.

Let us thank that gracious Power, which
has

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has permitted me the Enjoyment of my Senses, and allowed me Time to perform my last Duties: Ah! dear Mother, continued she, seeing the old Lady's struggles to conceal her Affliction, do not distress me! I cannot bear to see you uneasy, without feeling a Regret to leave you, and I ought not now to suffer any thing to weaken my Desire of enjoying a more perfect State: I shall also meet again my dear Husband!

The Physicians begged her to compose herself, but she answered, 'Tis too late——'Tis almost over——I shall soon be happy——One dear Embrace and then——

She then held out her trembling Hand to me, and I embraced her with the utmost Tenderness, and Grief: Then her poor Father caught and strained her in his Arms; after which Mrs. *Goodwill* clasped her in her's, and the dear Creature lifting up

up her Hands and Eyes, cried, Adieu I my loved Parents—I am now I thank God almost —She that Instant expired.

I cannot attempt to describe the poor old People's Transports of Sorrow. Mrs. *Goodwill*, in whose Arms she breathed her last, after gazing at her some time in speechless Agony, fainted. But, waving the Information of every Particular, I shall only add, that I stayed till Night, when an Uncle of the deceased Lady came over to take Care of the Funeral, judging the unhappy Parents would be incapable of ordering any thing.

He had hoped to have arrived before her Decease, but the distance, which was twenty Miles, prevented him. One of the Physicians who had wrote to acquaint him with the tragical Accident, now informed him of his Relation's Death. As I found any longer Stay not necessary, I
took

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took my leave of the afflicted Parents, (who were unwilling to part from me) and returned Home, where I filled every one with Grief at the Account of Lady *Friendly's* Death.

I will now mention Mr. *Sydney*, whom I have seen two or three times since I wrote last, and he always appeared melancholy and thoughtful. You may laugh as much as you please my dear, but his Timidity and modest Behaviour have gained my Affections more absolutely than an assured Carriage. If, as you tell me, he cannot acquire sufficient Resolution to speak to me, I must be ever miserable, for I cannot love any other.

He called this Morning to condole with me on the loss of my truly valuable Friend. His Stay was short, and the Discourse turned wholly on the melancholy Accident.

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What

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What am I to conclude from his Behaviour? I fear I shall never be so happy as to receive his Addresses; or, if he can prevail on himself to confess a Regard, that my Papa and Mama would not like him for my Lover, though they esteem him as a Friend; and, dear as he is to me, I will never marry him without their Consent. But alas! I am uncertain whether he loves me. Was I assured of that, from his own Confession, I should not despair of my Parents Confirmation of our Happiness.

I must now, my dear *Harriet*, intreat you'll not be displeased, when I blame your late Behaviour to Mr. *Lowell*, who must have rendered you completely happy.

You take uncommon Pains to convince the World, you are insensible to Merit. Surely you must be very deeply concerned, though your Pride forbids you to own yourself susceptible of the tender Passion.

2nd March

I ap.

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I applaud your Mama for insisting on Sir George's refraining his Visits. Your Reason must be convinced of her prudent Care, though your Desire of attracting general Admiration, and particular Regard, influences you to be dissatisfied with a Command that deprives you of one Conquest. How unjust are you, my *Harriet*! You delight in giving Pain, but you cannot bear to receive it.

Believe me, there must be more real Pleasure in dispensing Happiness to the truly deserving, than in encouraging the Addressees of a thousand Fops, whose Vanity makes them willingly imagine every Woman who listens to, is in Love with them.

Oh! my dear, how cheap do you render yourself by this unbounded License! Consider the many Advantages which must have accrued from a Marriage with Mr: *Lovewell*, and let the Result be a De-

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termination to avoid giving your Mama any farther Cause of Complaint. My Spirits are so extremely affected by the melancholy Event, and I am so much fatigued, not having slept these two Nights, that I can hardly hold my Pen to subscribe myself,

Dear HARRIET,

most faithfully your's,

EMILIA.

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LETTER IX.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

INDEED my dearest *Emilia*, your Account of Lady *Friendly's* Death occasioned me very great Concern; and I sincerely pity poor Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill*, whose Grief Time alone can efface.

Now to the saucy Part of your Letter. Sincerely Child you must imagine me the best tempered Person in the World, and I certainly am so, or I could not bear such a Torrent of Reproaches. However, I deserve them all, for Sir *George* is utterly unworthy my good Opinion. He is as vile a Wretch as lives.

I told you in my last, that *Laurinda* had something to acquaint me with. Poor Creature! no wonder she coloured when

she beheld in him the cruel Betrayer of her Innocence! But I will keep you no longer in Suspence.

As soon as I entered the Room, she began thus. That you may not be ignorant of the Unworthiness of a Person who pretends an honourable Passion for you, I will acquaint you, dearest Madam, with a Secret, which I never intended to divulge, and would have concealed particularly from you, whose Friendship and Esteem I am desirous of cultivating. But the Regard I feel for you, forbids my Silence in a Matter of such Importance. You will I fear despise, when you know more of me. I dread to tell you, what I blush to think of, but your Peace demands the Confidence.

I am the only Child of a Tradesman in Paris, who acquired great Riches by his Business. My Mother and he were
so

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so doatingly fond of me, that they indulged me in every thing. I was no more than Sixteen, when my Father told me, an Offer very advantageous for me had been made him, which, if agreeable to me, he should accept. My boundless Vanity, which had been raised and kept up by Flattery, made me receive this Proposal with Disgust, when he acquainted me, it was a Person in Business, who was so much charmed with me. I assured my Father, I should be miserable if I engaged so early in Life, and gave such plausible Reasons for what in Reality was only an Antipathy to the Man's Station, that he desisted, and I heard no more of the Affair.

Soon after, being at an Assembly, I first saw Sir George Townly. You stare Madam! but it is really true, that he is the cruel cause of all my Misfortunes. I gained Information of his Rank, which with his agreeable Person, and the Mag-

nificence of his Appearance, captivated my foolish Heart. I was happy in his particular Observation of me. He offered me his Hand for the Dance, and minded no one else, during the whole Evening. From that Time he visited me constantly, and every Day seemed to bring with it an Increase of Tenderness.

My Father and Mother in vain dissuaded me from encouraging his Addresses; they then intreated I would at least find out whether his Designs were honourable, before I yielded to the Inclination I felt for him. I made a promise to interrogate him, but I was some time before I could perform it. At last, I assumed Courage. You have often told me Sir George, said I, that you love me passionately; give me Leave to ask what you mean by these Professions? If you think me worthy to be your Wife, I shall receive the Honour as becomes me, and endeavour to deserve it;

but

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but if, on the contrary, your Addressee are made with design to betray me, I must desire you will visit me no more; for Virtue is infinitely dearer to me than Life, nor will I consent to sacrifice it.

Sir George was so disconcerted at this unexpected Harangue, that I began to fear my Parents Conjectures were too well founded. However, he was so great a Master of the Art of Dissimulation, that he presently recovered his Confusion, and replied, My Designs, beautiful *Laurinda*, are to make you mine by the Laws of God and Man, and I only wait for an Answer to a Letter I sent to *England*, to put them in Execution. I acquainted my dear Parents with what he said, who were as easily deceived as myself. For more than a Week, he kept up the flattering Expectation. But why do I dwell on these Passages? I now hasten to the dreadful Moment of my greatest Misfortune.

My

My Father and Mother went to pay an annual Visit to a Brother of the former, with whom they were to stay all Night. A trifling Indisposition prevented my accompanying them. In the Afternoon I found myself better, but an unusual Heaviness seized me. As I thought Sir George imagined me gone to my Uncle's, I did not wonder at his not visiting me. I supped early, and went to Bed, and though my Mind was greatly agitated, I soon fell asleep. Alas! I awaked not, till too late for the Preservation of my Honour!

How, dear Madam, shall I describe my Agony at the Sight of Sir George Townly? You may judge my Distress to find all his Vows falsified, and my Shame compleated. I screamed for Help, but in vain. The Servant, who only could have assisted, had betrayed me. Sir George endeavoured to pacify me. He pretended

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it was the Violence of his Passion, that had induced him to take this Advantage. Cease, answered I, to mention Love, which can never be the Motive of such base Actions. A real Passion seeks the Happiness of its Object, but you have entirely destroyed mine. My Sighs and Tears prevented any farther Utterance, and he used so many endearing Expressions, that my Rage subsided. I forgave him, and became at last by his Seductions, as guilty as I was miserable. Do I live to repeat my Weakness? Before this fatal Concession, the Integrity of my Heart would have somewhat consoled me, but I was incapable of Reflection. The irreparable Injury he had done me, made me consider myself an abandoned Creature, and I yielded as one whose Misery could not be increased. Oh! Madam, if the Purity of your Soul can suffer you to condescend for one Moment, to paint to yourself the Horror of my Situation, how must it shock
your

your gentle Disposition! I was at once fallen from that Virtue, which, till I knew Sir George, had been ever the ruling Principle of my Actions. With what Face could I look up to my dear injured Parents, whose Confidence I had abused? How could I address the Divine Author of my Being, after the dreadful Forgetfulness of what I owed to him and myself?

Sir George left me before Day, and I endeavoured to compose myself, but my Looks had something of Wildness in them. On my Parents Return, they pressed me to tell what ailed me, as they imagined my Uneasiness proceeded from violent Pains. I supported their Mistake. Alas! I soon found myself more wretched than I at first apprehended! Too soon also was I convinced Sir George intended not to do me Justice, for he in a short Time entirely refrained his Visits. My Parents asked me the Reason. I told them he had received

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ceived Letters from *England*, which forbid his Marriage with me, and that we had parted by Consent. They blamed him for not consulting his Friends, before he endeavoured to engage my Affections, and advised me to forget him.

Under the Mask of Indisposition I concealed the Agonies of my Heart, but was all the Time devising Means to make my Escape. I was informed by Accident, that Sir *George* had entered himself a Passenger in a Ship, which was ready to sail for *England*. Rage and Grief took Possession of my Soul, and I resolved to accompany him in Disguise, whatever became of me afterwards. Accordingly, that Night I stole from my Father's House in a Boy's Dress, and in the Morning went to the Ship, and begged to be taken in. The Captain at first refused, telling me the Ship was full; but on the Sight of some Gold, which I offered him, acquiesced to my Desire, and

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the next Morning we bid adieu to the Coast of *France*. I kept myself concealed from Sir *George*, till we were near the Landing Place at *Dover*; then taking him aside, I desired him to view me earnestly, and know me for an Acquaintance. He gazed on me with Surprise, and mingled Disgust. Well, Madam, said he, what do you expect from me? Why did you leave your Friends and Country in this Disguise? Cruel Man! cried I passionately, can you demand the Reason? Had not you destroyed my Honour and Peace of Mind, I had still been in *France*, and enjoyed the Love of my Parents. I have left every Friend for you! What will become of me? Ah! for Heaven's Sake, if you have any Humanity, take care of me, till the expected dreadful Moment is over! I will afterwards endeavour not be troublesome to you. He seemed somewhat concerned, and raising me (for I had fallen at his Feet) with an Appearance of Tenderneſs, promised

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mised to grant my Request. I had already made a Proficiency in the *English* Tongue. When we landed at *Dover* he obliged me to put on Cloaths suitable to my Sex, which he purchased for me, and behaved very kindly to me during our Journey to *London*. I ventured to press him with some Earnestness to perform his Promise of marrying me, but he forbade my mentioning it, telling me if I touched any farther on that Subject, he would abandon me for ever, and leave me helpless in a strange Country. I dared to say no more, nor indeed could expect from a Man of so base a Principle to receive a Retribution of that Sort.

He placed me in an obscure Part of the Town, paid for my Board, but seldom visited me. There I was delivered of a Boy, who fortunately died soon after it was born. How kind was Providence to snatch the dear Infant from a World of Cares,

Cares, to a State of eternal Felicity! Sir *George* appeared very indifferent about the Child, and I saw him but twice during my Confinement.

His cruel Behaviour greatly weakened my Affection, but what an additional Weight to my Misfortunes, was his Barbarity afterwards? He came to see me, assumed an Appearance of that bewitching Tenderness, which had seduced me, and when he perceived that I glowed with Pleasure at his Expressions of Love, which I now hoped was converted into an honourable Regard, he mentioned his diabolical Intention. Oh! Madam, how shall I repeat it? His Proposals were, either that I should live with him as a Mistress, or receive him and other Company, whom he would recommend me to! Cruel Deceit! My Amazement and Rage for some time prevented my Answer, but when I recovered the Power of Utterance, I upbraided him

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 97

him in the bitterest Terms, and protested I would starve rather than submit to his wicked Designs. The Villain with a Sneer desired me to find out some virtuous means for my Support, adding he should pay no longer for my Board. He staid not for my Reply, but left me with the most cool Indifference. My Spirits, which had been greatly agitated, now entirely forsook me, and I dropt down in a Swoon. How long I remained in this Condition, I know not; when I recovered, which was by the Assistance of the old Woman with whom I lodged, she told me, she hoped I had settled some Method for my future Subsistence; adding, that People must pay for what they used, or they could not expect Lodgings.

I was so very weak, I could hardly answer, that I would trouble her but a short Time, till I could get a Place, for I was

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determined to go to Service. She said, if that was my Intention, she could recommend me to a Lady of Fortune; and accordingly at my Desire she did so, and I was graciously received in a few Days. Mrs. *Danvers* (for that was her Name) was still young and handsome; she had two Daughters and three Nieces, who were extremely beautiful. They tried to surpass each other in Marks of Fondness to me, and for some Days I liked my Situation very much. I received many Presents from them, and they assured me, if I continued with them I need not doubt making my Fortune. I blessed Heaven for this happy Change: but alas! in a little Time, I found I was not situated in a desirable Place, for these specious Ladies were in Reality the vilest of their Sex.

Resolving to make my Escape from this dreadful House, I packed up what Things
had

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had been mine before I went there, (leaving the Ladies Bribes behind me) and one Night stole down Stairs, and without Noise escaped from that dangerous Place. I walked very fast, for Fear lent me Strength, and as soon as it was Light, I took a Lodging, and desired the Landlady to accommodate me with Work. She complied, and I pleased so much, that I had more than I could have done, had I not broke in upon those Hours, generally dedicated to repose.

I lived in this Manner for Six Months; and as I never carried home my Work, I seldom stirred abroad. An old Lady, who lodged in the same House, took notice of my Diligence, and hearing me say I should like to go to Service, recommended me to you, as one, whose Misfortunes obliged her to have recourse to this Way of Life. I should have been

happy with you had not the unexpected Sight of Sir *George* determined me to quit a Town and Country he inhabits. I have not yet fully conquered my Affection for him, but I will make it my strict Endeavour to expel his unworthy Image from my Breast. Would you assist me in my Design, I would return to *France*, and pass the rest of my Life in a Nunnery, for I am resolved never to live again with my unhappy Parents whom I have disgraced.

Can you Madam pity a Wretch, whose Crimes justly render her detestable to herself? Can Virtue deign to sooth the Affliction, which Vice has introduced to this Bosom, once the Seat of Peace and Innocence? Oh! imitate the Divine Mercy!—Her Sobs prevented her adding more, and I endeavoured to compose her Spirits. My dear *Laurinda*, said I, tenderly embracing her,

EMILIA AND HARRIET. FOR

her, a Mind like your's must suffer on the Consideration of a criminal Action. You find I do not attempt to palliate it; but even the Deity is appeased by Penitence, and surely Nature ought not to be less forgiving! May that Penitence continue to secure you from any future Deviations!

I was so moved with her Misfortune and Return to Virtue, and so much obliged to her for the Cautions she had given me, that I determined to assist her to the utmost of my Power. I made her a Present, which she received with the utmost Thankfulness; and my Mama, on hearing her Story, added considerably to it. She wept for Joy at our Kindness, as she termed it, though certainly we did no more than Justice demanded for a Person so deserving.

Her Health being soon perfectly re-

established, we enquired for a Ship, and entered her a Passenger. She left us about a Week ago. Our parting was very tender, for we have a sincere Regard for each other. She promised to write as soon as she is settled.

Sir *George* is not yet returned. I intend never to see him again. I always felt so perfect an Indifference for him, that his Behaviour gives me no Manner of Concern on my own Account; and I will own to you Mr. *Lovewell* ever had my highest Esteem, though I did not give myself Time to examine my Sentiments.

I know you will upbraid me after this Confession; but don't, there's a good Girl, for I am a little uneasy. Not that I love him.—No! my dear, and he has not behaved well.

This

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This is a long Letter, and I will lengthen it no more than to assure you, that I am, my dear *Emilia*,

Your affectionate and obliged

HARRIET.

LETTER X.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

YOUR Letter, my beloved Friend, astonished and shocked me. My Surprise was greatly inferior to my Concern, for I always had a bad Opinion of Sir George, though, I now find, a better than he deserved. Poor *Laurinda*! How I pity her? What must she have suffered? I rejoice at her Perseverance in resisting the Attacks of Vice.

Happy is she, who early sees and reforms the Errors of her Conduct. I rejoice, that the All-gracious Being has enabled her to consider properly on the past. May she fully atone for it, by a future Regularity of Behaviour. Her ingenuous Confession proves the Sincerity of her Repentance. That Repentance and Sincerity must render

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der her dear to the truly generous and benevolent Mind. They are the only Pretenders to Virtue, who are inflexible to penitent Offenders. Real Goodness is never severe, but delights to perceive a Return to Virtue; and indeed, how can we reasonably expect Forgiveness of our own Faults, if we refuse it to others? Let us reflect on our frequent Deviations, which while they convince us of our Fallibility, will prove beneficial to us, both with regard to our own, and others Conduct.

Would the wretched Sensualist indulge some Moments of Reflection, surely it would be impossible he should pursue a Course of Life, fatal to himself, and which involves in his own, the Ruin of many unhappy Creatures! Can any Man be so wholly lost to Goodness, as to look back without Horror and Contrition on the dreadful Consequences of a Moment's Pleasure? Can he reconcile to himself the Seduction

duction of an innocent Creature, whom he has introduced to all the Miseries of Guilt, perhaps to Poverty and Contempt; and, what is far more shocking, of whose eternal Condemnation he is perhaps the first Occasion? Can he bear to reflect that he has destroyed *her* Happiness, who suffered from too good an Opinion of *his* Honour and Integrity? — To think, that a whole Family's Peace, is entirely sacrificed to a criminal Indulgence? The Pleasure which is purchased at the Expence of Virtue, and Duty, is a poor Equivalent for the Loss of Serenity, which flows from a Consciousness of acting right!

You needed not my dear be fearful of my upbraiding your Behaviour to Mr. *Lovewell*, as you own the Recollection gives you some Concern. I *will* spare you, but must dissent from your Opinion, that you never loved him. You cannot persuade me, you held him in the highest Esteem,

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Esteem, without feeling *some* Degree of Love. I do not tell you, this Affection had acquired much Strength, for you determined not to yield to the Power of Love, and would not attend to the Emotions of your Heart.

I beg you will persist in your Resolution of never seeing Sir George again. Such a Wretch ought to be banished from Society.

Oh! my dear, I have something to acquaint you with, which will greatly surprise you. I wrote the first part of this Letter some Days ago, and deferred finishing it, as I had some Work in Haste. I know not what will be the Event, but I have an unexpected Story to impart. My Heart sometimes flutters at the Recollection of the pleasing Eclaircissement, then shudders with Apprehensions of a Loss. I may

I may soon experience. But I forget you are impatient.

On Monday I was pleasingly surprized with the Sight of Mr. Sydney, who had always declined paying us a Visit. My Father and Mother were at Mr. *Trainwell's*. A violent Head-ach had prevented my accompanying them. His Presence soon dispelled it; and I was in hopes he would now take the Opportunity of speaking to me; yet you will laugh when I tell you, I as much dreaded, as I wished an Explanation.

I called at Mr. *Trainwell's*, Madam, said he with the most respectful Air, where I was informed of your Indisposition, and took the Liberty of intruding on you, to enquire after your Health; but this was not my only Motive—Here he stopped. To give him Time for Recollection,

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and to avoid shewing my own Confusion, I thanked him for his kind Visit, and assured him his Company could be no Intrusion, on whatever Account he came. Ah! Madam, answered he, you are ignorant of my audacious hopes. I have presumed——He hesitated again, but at last proceeded. Pardon, dear Madam, the Effects of a most sincere Passion, which I intended never to disclose; but the Resolution I have taken of leaving *England* makes me unwilling to carry the Secret with me.

I have long loved you, with the most pure disinterested Affection; but the known Disparity of our Fortunes, occasioned me to form a Resolution of avoiding your Presence.

How dear has it cost me to preserve it so long! In my present Circumstances, I wish not to call you mine; but may I
not

not hope for your Approbation, if I can gain a Fortune adequate to yours? I felt such a pleasing, yet embarrassing Emotion, I was some time before I could make this Answer. Your Fear of my Displeasure, Sir, is ill-founded. I have no Reason to be offended with so generous a Regard as you profess. On the contrary, I will confess, that if a Union with you is agreeable to my Papa and Mama, you will meet with no Opposition on my Part. You find, Mr. Sydney, I don't attempt to disguise my Sentiments. Let Prudes blush to own a well-placed Affection, and Coquets delight to trifle with a worthy Heart; no such Examples shall influence me. Your known Merit sanctifies my Choice, and I think myself happy in being distinguished by a Person of your Character.

Ah! Madam, replied he, what a delightful Confession is this!—But alas! how dares

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dares a Wretch, whose sole Dependence is on another's Bounty, presume to expect such a Blessing as your Love? I go Madam to-morrow for *London*, and from thence to some Port, where I will embark for the *West Indies* in the first Ship. My Brother is advantageously settled there. By his Means, I may expect in a short Time to acquire a Fortune, which may render my Offer agreeable to your Parents. Suffer me to hope you will not forget, that the future Happiness of my Life depends on your being mine.

Affure yourself, answered I, that nothing shall efface from my Heart, the Regard I have for you; and if I am not yours, I never will be another's. How you revive me! resumed he; but I must now leave you.—Oh! what will become of me, if I never see you more? Perhaps I may not meet with the expected Success, and then you will never see me again. You shall

shall hear of my Misery, but I cannot return unless I am fortunate.

Why Mr. *Sydney*, said I, do you cast a Gloom over so pleasing a Prospect? Think not I will suffer you to spend the Remainder of your Days, far from your native Country. My Fortune is sufficient for both; and I doubt not my Parents Consent, when they are acquainted with our mutual Affection. Can they, ought they, to approve your marrying a Beggar? answered he. No! my dear *Emilia*, I will not even make such a Proposal. Only preserve me in your Remembrance, and let us hope for better Times. Acquaint your Papa and Mama with our Love, who will permit you to wait the Event of my Voyage. Farewell! Our Hearts were too much affected to add more. He departed, leaving me almost drowned in Tears. I sat like one stupified, when my Father and Mother entered the Room. I
then

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then hastily attempted to wipe away the Appearances of Sorrow, but their penetrating Eyes perceived my Uneasiness, and with the utmost Tenderness, they desired to know if I was worse than when they left me. To ease their Fears, I acquainted them with every Particular, and perceived with Pleasure they were affected as I wished. When I had ended, Be comforted, my Child, said my kind Father, since you really love Mr. *Sydney*, whose Merit I am convinced of, his Want of Fortune shall be no Objection. I abhor any mercenary Views. I consult only your Happiness, and think you the best Judge, what will most contribute to it. To-morrow Morning early I will wait on old Mr. *Sydney*, when I can talk with him, and see the young Gentleman, whose Voyage I shall certainly prevent.

What a Transition my dear, from rack-
ing Grief to excessive Joy! I could not

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support

support it, but sunk down in a Swoon, from which however I soon recovered, when my Mother insisted on my going to Bed.

The next Morning my Father waited on old Mr. Sydney, who told him, on asking for his Nephew, and mentioning the Account on which he went, that Mr. Sydney was that Morning gone post to London, and that on the morrow he intended setting sail in a Ship then stationed at ***

I am much concerned; answered my Father, as I find a Letter cannot reach him before he leaves *England*; but I beg, Sir, the first Time you hear from him you will acquaint me, for I will write to him, and entreat his Return.

I waited impatiently the Result of this Visit, and could not help bursting into
Tears,

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Tears, when I found Mr. *Sydney* was gone. My Father soon calmed my Uneasiness, by an Assurance of writing when he knew where my Lover was arrived.

This is my Situation. I know not what will become of the dear Object of my tenderest Regard. But I hope the Deity will preserve, and bring him back to his native Country.

I must now inform you that Lady *Friendly* has left me her Watch, several Jewels, and many valuable Books. I am in Mourning for her, to shew my real Regard, as well as a Sense of the Favours she has conferred on me. I often visit Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill*, and by mixing my Tears with theirs, render myself very dear to them. They will continue to be our Neighbours, as the deceased Lady left them the House, Furniture,

116 **LETTERS BETWEEN**

ture, &c. Amongst other Papers, I found an Ode to Charity, wrote by her some time since, a Copy of which I have leave to inclose.

I must renew that Subject, which almost wholly engrosses my Thoughts. But it is only to intreat your Prayers for the Happiness of

Your faithfully affectionate

EMILIA.

Inclosed in the foregoing.

An ODE to CHARITY.

Hail! Heav'n-descended Charity!

Thou Source of constant Joy!

Our highest Pleasure flows from thee;

T' impart is to enjoy!

Can

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 117

Can founding Titles, glitt'ring State,
Can all the Boast of Art,
Contribute aught to sweeten Fate,
Without a feeling Heart?

The stately Castle's ample round,
May catch the wond'ring Sight;
The giddy Mind is pleas'd with Sound,
But tastes no pure Delight.

Nor Pleasure's Lure, nor idle Noise,
Can satisfy the Mind;
The Soul aspires to nobler Joys,
To Transports more refin'd!

Gold is itself a shining Toy;
But rightly understood,
Conveys the most exalted Joy,
The Pow'r of doing Good.

The Cheek that emulates the Rose,
Must wither and decay;
Whilst Charity a Wreath bestows,
That ne'er can fade away.

118 LETTERS BETWEEN

The meek-eyed Seraph shuns the Sound
Of popular Acclaim;
The tainted Gale but wafts around
An empty, joyless Fame!

To some, the Dread of Censure lends
A Gleam of borrow'd Ray;
The Hand to Charity extends,
The Heart disowns her Sway.

Specious Pretence! delusive Source!
How void of true Delight!
How void of Virtue's genuine Force,
And Reason's sacred Light!

Tho' ev'n Ingratitude should dwell,
In some ungen'rous Mind;
Shall Charity no more impel,
To Actions just and kind?

She, like the Sun serenely bright,
Mantains a steady Course;
Breaks thro' the Clouds that veil her Light,
And beams with added Force.

Tho'

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 915

Tho' Man forgets, yet God regards,
The Sympathy benign;
And with eternal Bliss rewards
The laudable Design.

Seek not, ye Vain, on lasting Base
To build inglorious Fame;
Say, can ye wish, Oh! trifling Race!
T' immortalize your Shame?

But ye, who would be truly great,
From *Varro's* gen'rous Mind
Learn to despise the Forms of State,
Like him, to bless Mankind.

From Virtue's sadly-drooping Eye
To wipe the stealing Tear;
To sooth the bursting Heart-drawn Sigh,
Is Happiness sincere!

Ye, who with Pow'r less amply blest,
Th' enlarged Sphere to fill;
Know, Charity is still possess'd,
Tho' centred in the Will.

120 LETTERS BETWEEN

Fortune's uncertain Gifts may fail,
 Yet blame not Heav'n's Decree;
 To melt at Sorrow's plaintive Tale,
 Is real Charity.

I suppose I am at last doomed to land
 After a long and tedious voyage
 And loath the burden of my fate
 I can hardly believe that I am
 in the most unpromising situation, while
 you, with your low and humble
 pine for the sake of a few
 The, seated in the Will,
 Fortune's

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LETTER XI.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

YOU have my earnest Prayers, my dear, for your happy Union with Mr. Sydney, and I rejoice at your agreeable Prospect; for as your Parents approve the Man, you have no Occasion for Disquietude. Prithee Child, do not vex without Reason, while your *Harriet*, unpitied, loses all her Lovers.

I suppose I am at last doomed to lead Apes, but I cannot be uneasy. Men are but Monkies, and they will not be *led*. Am I not of a most happy Disposition? I can find some alleviating Circumstance in the most unpropitious Situation, whilst you, with every favourable Appearance, pine for a short Absence. Why Child, 'tis such as you who make the Men think
they

they are Beings of Consequence, and afterwards you will be surprized at their assuming an Authority. For Shame, keep up the Dignity of the female Character.— Now for Facts.

Sir George called yesterday in the Afternoon. My Mother received him, and on his enquiring for me, told him I was not at Leisure, and had desired her to acquaint him, his Visits were not agreeable.

He changed Colour, and demanded the Reason of this extraordinary Proceeding. Without entering into Particulars, replied my dear Mama, I must tell you Sir George, I never approved your visiting my Daughter; and an Affair we were lately acquainted with, makes us think your Company a Discredit. Think of *Laurinda* Sir, and wonder not at our Behaviour. He stood immoveable some time, but at last retired without uttering a Word.

I must

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 123

I must own to you, that I felt the highest Satisfaction arise from the Reflection of having performed my Duty. Now you will say, Why was you so long blind to it? To this I answer, I was unwilling to see any Faults in a Person, whose Rank and Fortune made me proud of his Addressee, though I despised the Man. I must have Time to be perfect. Leave me to the Workings of my own Mind. One Step to Amendment is a Confession of our Errors. Whether I shall advance after my ingenuous Acknowledgement, I cannot pretend to be certain.

I thank you for sparing me on *Lovewell's* Account; but to tell me, I *was* or *am* in Love with him, is an insupportable Affertion. Because you are silly, you would persuade me into the same Folly; but I am and have been superior to such Weakness.

My

My Concern for his Loss, (for I will confess I think it so) only proceeds I believe from mortified Vanity. To have a Lover slip his Chain, and run wild, till he is caught by more powerful attractions — 'tis provoking, *Emilia*! This is my Cause for Vexation. I defy *Cupid*, and all his Artillery.

I yesterday received a Letter from my dear *Laurinda*, which I inclose a Copy of. I have answered it, wished her Health and Happiness in her present Situation, and added, I doubted not but she was forgiven by the Almighty, as her Repentance was really followed by Amendment of Life.

My Mama is not so complaisant as you are; she frequently upbraids me for my Conduct to Mr. *Lovewell*, though to do her Justice, it is, I believe, only when I tell her I am quite indifferent about him
(which

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 125

(which by the bye, is not consistent with Truth.) I thank you for the Ode, which I am much pleased with. Lady *Friendly* had certainly an excellent Heart.

Miss *Flareit* was here this Morning, and has desired me to dine with her to-morrow. I told her of Sir *George's* Villainy, which she seemed not to believe, saying I was certainly deceived by the Girl, who only wanted Money to enter into a Way of Life more suitable to her Disposition. She then launched out in Sir *George's* Praise, told me I was very insensible, and she wondered at my Behaviour to him. I answered very gravely, that I was surprized at her Defence of Sir *George*; that I was certain I had not been imposed upon by *Laurinda*, whom he had treated with so much Inhumanity; I detested him. I added, that he had never any Share of my Esteem, though his Addresses pleased my Vanity; but that I was
now

now as much convinced of my own Folly,
as his Baseness.

The poor Girl was frightened, and
begged my Pardon. I believe she thought
I liked him, which made her say so much.
How greatly was she mistaken! I always
had too just an Opinion of Mr. *Loverwell*,
not to distinguish his Superiority. I know
I condemn myself, but he was *so* jealous,
I could not help delighting to teaze him.
'Twas unjustifiable you'll say. I don't
defend my Behaviour, therefore spare your
Comments.

I hope soon to be informed of Mr.
Sydney's Return. Be assured you have not
a Friend more unfeignedly your's than

HARRIET.

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LETTER XII.

Inclosed in the foregoing.

Dear Madam,

YOUR Goodness emboldens me to take the Liberty of acquainting you with my Affairs, and I am certain you will feel the tenderest Compassion for my Sufferings!

I landed after a pleasant Voyage at *Calais*, from whence I hired a Post Chaise to *Paris*, and went directly to an old Gentleman, who had always professed a great Regard for me.

He was amazed to see me, and said, he doubted but I had been seduced by *Sir George Townly*. What Mischiefs, Child, continued he, has your Behaviour caused!

Your

Your poor Mother, unable to hear any News of you, died a few Months after your Departure, and your unhappy Father has been confined to his Bed since the Time of her Decease.

Alas! Sir, cried I, bursting into Tears, how dreadful is this Information! For Heaven's Sake, let me see my dear Father, and receive his Forgiveness. Perhaps he now breathes his last, and accuses me of shortening his Life. Ah! if he was sensible of my Sufferings, and assured of my Return to Virtue, he certainly would pity and forgive me.

The old Gentleman kindly undertook to prepare my Father for an Interview, and soon returning, told me, the dear Parent longed to embrace me before he died. On my entering the Room, he started up in his Bed, and catching me in his Arms, Ah! my dear Child, said he,

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he, art thou come to close my Eyes? But why didst thou not acquaint me with thy Misfortunes? Could'st thou imagine me such a Barbarian as not to receive thee after an unfeigned Repentance? Alas! continued he, had you not gone, your Mother might still have been alive! But why do I add to your Affliction?

What was my Distress at this shocking Scene? I cannot describe it particularly. When I acquainted him with my Misfortunes, my poor Father wept so heartily, I was obliged to stop several times. I was in Hopes he would have continued to amend as he did the first Day, but alas! the Surprise was too powerful for his weak Frame to support, and he expired in my Arms, the fourth Day after my Arrival. As soon as his Funeral was over, I entered into a Nunnery, where I intend to devote the Remainder of my Life to God:

I

Oh!

130 LETTERS BETWEEN

Oh! Madam, what dreadful Effects has my Conduct produced? The Death of both my Parents. Shocking Thought! What will become of me? I hope God will accept my sincere Repentance, and look on me with an Eye of Mercy.

I can add no more, than to intreat you and your good Mama will accept my sincere Acknowledgements. I most earnestly wish it was in my Power to make a more suitable Return for the Favours both have conferred on

The truly penitent and grateful

LAURINDA.

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LETTER XIII.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

I Have so perfect an Assurance of my dearest *Harriet's* Regard for me, that I am sure she will rejoice at the Contents of this Letter. My last acquainted you with my Affliction for Mr. *Sydney's* Departure; this will contain the pleasing Account of his Return, and that a Day is fixed for our Nuptials. I can hardly believe the delightful Change to be real. From the Depth of Despair, I am now raised to the Height of human Felicity. How thankful am I to the divine Author of my Happiness!

On my Return from Miss *Trainwell's*, the Evening I dispatched my Letter to you, my Father met me at the Door with a smiling Countenance, Come my

dear Child, said he, I have something to impart which will give you Pleasure ; old Mr. *Sydney* has sent this Letter, and a Message informing me, that his Nephew is on his Return ; but I will not anticipate the Satisfaction you will receive from the young Gentleman's Account. With pleasing Haste I broke open the Letter, which contained these Words,

“ Dearest Madam,

“ If any thing can reconcile me to the
 “ Death of an only Brother, it is the
 “ pleasing Hope I now entertain of making
 “ you mine for ever. This delightful Pro-
 “ spect enables me to support the Loss of
 “ one, from whom, though he was personally
 “ a Stranger to me, I have always re-
 “ ceived the highest Testimonies of Affec-
 “ tion in his Letters.

“ Judge then dear Madam, what I felt,
 “ when arriving at the Port, I found
 “ a Letter

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“ a Letter to acquaint me that my Bro-
“ ther was dead, and had left me above
“ thirty thousand Pounds in Money and
“ Effects, which were embarked in a
“ Ship, the Captain of which had been an
“ intimate Friend of my Brother.

“ I cannot describe the different Emotions
“ that assailed me! I was deprived of a
“ dear Relation, whom I hoped in a few
“ Weeks to have embraced; but on the
“ other hand, I found myself in a Si-
“ tuation to hope for the Possession of
“ my *Emilia*, without being suspected of
“ any lucrative Views. Oh! the extatic
“ Thought! This alone makes me cease to
“ lament the Death of an only Brother.

“ Believe me, dearest Madam, it was not
“ your Beauty, but the Sweetness of your
“ Disposition, and the amiable Qualities
“ of your Mind, that captivated my Heart.

“ Founded on this Basis, Love will ever
 “ remain unshaken. — I shall stay no
 “ longer in Town, than to settle my Af-
 “ fairs, for I wait with Impatience to assure
 “ you in Person how much I am, dear
 “ Madam,

“ Your faithfully devoted

“ HENRY SYDNEY.”

My Joy was too great for Expression.
 My dear Parents participated in it, and we
 all returned Thanks to Providence for this
 happy Change of Affairs. His great Ac-
 quifition gave me no other Pleasure, than
 as it prevented my Friends being blamed
 for consenting to our Union, and as I
 knew he felt a high Satisfaction in proving
 his difinterested Regard.

I expected him in a few Days, but on
 the

EMILIA AND HARRIET. 135

the Evening of the Day after I received his Letter, I saw him enter the Court-Yard. What a pleasing Surprise! He entered the Room, paid his Compliments to my Parents, then embraced me, while our Transports at this Meeting were too great for Utterance.

When our first Emotions were over, my Father mentioned the Loss of his Brother, at the same time, that he congratulated him on his Accession of Fortune. I ought Sir, said Mr. *Sydney*, to have acquainted you before I went, with my Reasons for quitting this Country, but I was willing to render my Circumstances more suitable to your Fortune, before I solicited your Consent to my Happiness. I should not have spoke to this Lady, had I not feared to lose her in my Absence, if I did not secure a Place in her Affections.

When I reflect that by the Death of my

nearest Relation, I gain so inestimable a Prize, I must confess my Joy surpasses my Concern; but I hope this is excusable, as I never had an Opportunity of a personal Knowledge of him.

Most certainly Sir, answered my Father. Believe me when I assure you, there needed not a Fortune to render you agreeable to me for a Son. Your Merit is sufficient Recommendation.

My Uncle has informed me, Sir replied the amiable Youth, of my Obligations to you, but though your Goodness made you overlook my Deficiency of Fortune, the sincere Regard I felt for your Daughter, would not have permitted me to accept the kind Proposal; but now every Obstacle is removed, and I hope soon to obtain my *Emilia's* Consent to render our Happiness perfect.

We

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We passed several Hours in pleasing Conversation, and were all more strongly impressed in his Favour. I told him, when he intreated my Approbation of an early Day, that I ought to decline accepting his Addresses, since ten thousand Pounds bore a small Porportion to thirty, and he was now in a Situation to aspire to a Person of much larger Fortunes. With a Glow of painful Sensibility at my mention of such a Change, he begged I would entertain a more just Opinion of myself and him, and assured me his Love was too firmly engaged, to be capable of Alteration.

I was uneasy to see him affected, and asked his Pardon, telling him, I had no Suspicion of his Love, which was equally returned on my Side.

He soon after took Leave, and my Father

Father and Mother are so pleased with him, they can talk of nothing else. How happy am I that my Choice is approved by those whom it is my Duty to obey! Certainly no one ever had a more pleasing Prospect.

The next Morning Mr. Sydney and his Uncle breakfasted with us. The latter told us, he came to desire us to fix his Nephew's Happiness, and to acquaint us with his own faulty Conduct. I have used him very ill, continued he; but he has forgiven me, and insisted on my not saying more on that Subject. My Gratitude however breaks through this Injunction, and to perform it's Dictates I will inform you of all his Goodness.

You must know that some Years ago, my Housekeeper leaving me, a Person was recommended to me for that Office.

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Office. From her first Appearance I regarded her with more than the Eyes of Friendship, and as she is a most amiable Woman, my Affection increased daily, till at length I disclosed it to her, and had the Satisfaction of finding she returned it. In short I married her, but my Pride prevented my imparting this Engagement to any one; my Circumstances were so indifferent, I knew I should be condemned. My Nephew's Kindness has rendered us easy for Life. By the Sale of the Effects which came over, he found himself worth 40,000 Pounds, a fourth of which he insisted on my accepting, and is certain he says, this young Lady will confirm the Gift.

Ah! Sir, returned I, Mr. Sydney's Behaviour charms me. I participate in your Happiness with so deserving a Woman, whom I beg to have the Pleasure of seeing.

I always

I always esteemed her as Mrs. *Rowlins*, and shall love her infinitely in the Character of Mrs. *Sydney*. How obliging is this Assurance Madam, said the Uncle; but permit me now to intreat you will confer the highest Obligation on my Nephew by giving him your Hand. Let me beg you will agree to an early Day.

My Lover and Parents joining in this Request, I with a hesitating Voice, promised to acquiesce in their Determination. Accordingly the Thursday in next Week, is fixed for our Marriage. Mr. *Sydney's* Joy proved the Sincerity of his Love. My Father desired he might send his Coach for Mrs. *Sydney*. Her Husband went in it for her. She is an accomplished Woman, and inspired us with a still higher Regard for her, than we had before conceived, by her sensible Observations

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servations and engaging Behaviour. She justifies her Husband's Choice.

That Gentleman, now relieved from Distress, and convinced of his Error in encouraging an illaudable Pride, appeared a sensible agreeable Man. Before he went away, I am certain, said he, addressing himself to me, from the Regard you honour my Nephew with, that you will highly value this Portrait of his Mother. His own, he will himself present you with, which is an exact Likeness.

Mr. Sydney drew it from his Pocket, and I received it with the utmost Pleasure. I returned both the Gentlemen Thanks. Indeed the elder Gentleman's Present was also extremely agreeable to me. As I have promised you the Original, said I to young Mr. Sydney, a Copy will hardly be desired, or I would beg your Acceptance

ceptance of my Picture. Every thing, answered he, which bears your Resemblance, I shall always most highly value.

We passed the Day in a very agreeable manner. The Morning after, Miss *Trainwell* came to congratulate me on my approaching Felicity.

My Lover is constantly here; and every repeated Assurance of his Affection, gives me additional Satisfaction. Yet I know not how it is, my Spirits sink at the Thoughts of the awful Change. I am terrified lest my flattering Prospects should vanish; fearful my Want of Merit should lessen his Affection. Oh! my *Harriet*, shall I always retain the Power of contributing to his Happiness? Every Action of my Life shall prove my Desire of obliging him. With a mutual Disposition to please, surely we cannot be otherwise than happy.

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py. By a constant Observation of his Merit, I shall improve my own Mind; and thus by aiming at Perfection, shall render myself more deserving his Esteem and Love.

We are to live in this House with my Father and Mother, which adds considerably to my Happiness. Nothing is wanting to compleat it, but your Presence, and a Prospect of your soon following my Example.

You made me smile, my dear, when you desired me not to be uneasy about Trifles, while you lose all your Lovers. You have had but one Loss, my dear, in Mr. *Lovewell*. The Dismission of the others was an Act of Justice to yourself and them. I heartily wish Mr. *Lovewell* would renew his Addresses. I am certain you would accept him.

With

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With a Heart warmly solicitous for
your Happiness, I truly subscribe my-
self

Your affectionate Friend,

EMILIA.

LETTER XIV.

HARRIET to EMILIA.

I Should sooner have answered your most welcome Letter, if I had not been most shockingly prevented. Oh! my *Emilia*, what have I suffered since I wrote last? You have often cautioned me against too great an Intimacy with Miss *Flareit*; but blinded by my own Folly, I imagined her incapable of the Baseness I was near falling a Sacrifice to.

You may remember, I promised to pass the Day with her. I went accordingly. We were very merry, and I had no Cause for Suspicion, till about four o'Clock, the Door opened, and Sir *George Townly* entered the Room. An unusual Terror seized me, and I could not help giving Miss

K

Flareit

Flareit a significant Look, which she seemed not to observe. Sir *George* approaching me; I wished, Madam, said he, for an Opportunity of justifying myself to you, which Miss *Flareit* has kindly procured me. May I beg, continued he turning to her, you will permit me to speak to this Lady in private. Ah! for Heaven's Sake, cryed I, leave me not with this vile Man! The detestable Wretch regarded me not, but while he held me, left the Room. I will not attempt a Description of the shocking Scene, Let it suffice that all my Tears, Shrieks and Intreaties, were ineffectual to procure my Release from him, and I was near becoming the wretched Victim of his Baseness; when a Noise on the Stairs, occasioned his leaving me to fasten the Door; but before he could secure it, a Person hastily entered the Room, whose Voice convinced me it was Mr. *Loverwell*. Ah!

Villain,

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Villain, cried he, is it *your* Crime I am the happy Instrument of preventing? Art thou not ashamed to dishonour the Name thou bearest? The Wretch began to mutter, but Mr. *Lovewell* drawing his Sword, bad him be gone, lest he should be tempted to chastise him. He made no Answer, but ran down Stairs, The compassionate Mr. *Lovewell* approaching, and looking earnestly at me; Oh! Heavens, cried he, is it you, Madam, I have had the Happiness to rescue? My Weakness prevented my answering. He saw my Condition, ran and called a Coach, into which he conveyed me, and tenderly supported me all the Way home.

My dear Mother was greatly shocked at my distressed Appearance, and surprised at Mr. *Lovewell's* accompanying me; but he soon calmed her Fears, and concluded with informing us, that my Cries

had alarmed him, as he by Accident pass-
ed by. He then took his leave, pro-
mising to call in the Morning, when he
hoped to find me perfectly recovered from
my Fright.

I fainted on being carried up Stairs,
but soon recovered, and had a tolerable
Night. When I awaked, I found my-
self in a violent Fever, occasioned by the
Hurry of Spirits I had undergone. It
was three Weeks before my Health was
perfectly re-established. Mr. *Lovewell* call-
ed every Day to enquire after me, and
when I got down, came to pay me a
Visit. I received him with the highest
Marks of Gratitude and Esteem, and pour-
ed forth the Overflowings of a thank-
ful Heart. He interrupted me, You con-
found me dear Madam, with this Profu-
sion of Gratitude. Could I have done
otherwise for a Person in Distress?

May

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May I not presume to address you on a more pleasing Subject? Permit a Renewal of my Addresses, and suffer me to hope a kind Concession.

I was silent some time in pleasing Surprise; but at last, You have been so unworthily treated Mr. *Lovewell*, said I, that I may justly suspect your Veracity in this Declaration.

You have always been dear to me, replied he; and the Contempt with which you received me, did not weaken my Affection, though it prevented a Continuance of that Address, which I esteemed Persecution. I knew not how to support an Absence from you; but the Consideration, that you neglected me, and preferred Sir *George Townly*, made me unwilling to add to his Triumph. When I heard you had discarded him, I could scarcely forbear
K 3 flying

flying to congratulate your Determination, but was withheld by the Remembrance of the Contempt you had shewn me, which I imagined proceeded from Dislike. But I now hope you have a more favourable Opinion of me, and that you may be prevailed upon to consent to my Happiness.

Indeed Mr. *Lovewell*, answered I, the Continuance of your Affection gives me the utmost Pleasure; I always regarded you with the highest Esteem, though my Folly made me delight to tease you. But this Behaviour was unjustifiable. For the future, be assured my Study shall be to render you happy. I promise to use my Endeavours to form my Conduct, so as to make myself more worthy your Regard. Believe me, Sir, I rejoice that your Affection is not alienated, and from this Moment, I disclaim my foolish Desire of
general

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general Admiration. By rejoicing only in your Heart, I shall be blest beyond the Enjoyment of my late ideal Schemes. Be assured nothing can have Power to alter my present Sentiments.

I My dearest *Harriet*, cried he passionately, you as much surpass the Generality of your Sex, by this ingenuous Declaration, as by your other amiable Qualities. May I hope you will at last be mine? Indeed you may, returned I; but give me leave to acquaint my Mama with our Intentions.

She was delighted with the Account. Now, said she, I am happy, In marrying Mr. *Lowell*, you secure a worthy Husband, and will have no more to fear from the Insults of designing Men. We then entered the Parlour, and after a Conversation which I shall omit, the Day was

fixed for tying the indissoluble Knot, and is no other than——next Wednesday. I hope I shall not behave like a Fool. I must ingenuously confess my dear, I feel more real Pleasure in the Power of imparting Satisfaction to Mr. *Lovewell*, than I ever knew in rendering him uneasy. I believe you was right in your Conjecture—I certainly loved him. Well, I am not ashamed of owning it——You're a good Girl, and set an excellent Example.

The next Morning Mr. *Lovewell* surprized us with an Account that Sir George was married to a Woman of the Town, who had hired Bravoes to frighten him into an Engagement with one he despised. He was acquainted with the Deception, when it was too late to be remedied; his Fear is still so predominant, Mr. *Lovewell* added, that he submits implicitly to the Will of the new-made Lady *Townly*, who exerts

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erts her Power to the highest Degree of Tyranny.

I sincerely rejoiced in my Escape from this cowardly Villain, and acquainted Mr. *Lovewell* with *Laurinda's* Story; at the Recital of which, he protested the Wretch's Punishment was just, after the Commission of such enormous Crimes.

I wrote an Account of his Marriage to *Laurinda*. I must now beg your Pardon for deferring my Congratulations, but my Hurry of Spirits on recollecting the Circumstances of my Danger, will I hope plead my Excuse.

Believe me, I share in your Felicity, and wish you and the worthy Mr. *Sydney* a long, long Continuance of it. My *Mamma* joins with me in affectionate Wishes. How I should rejoice to make my personal

sonal Compliments! May some happy Opportunity present itself!

This Morning I told Mr. *Lovewell*, he must not expect much Solidity from me, for that I was disposed to be a merry, mad Creature. To which he generously answered, that his greatest Delight would be to see me chearful and easy. I am amazed, I could vex the dear Man as I have done; he is certainly too good for me, but I will endeavour to deserve his Love.

My Mama is much pleased with me, and says, I now prove myself a Person of Understanding. I believe she is in the right. I find myself much improved. You must praise me too, my dear; tho' I do not want Encouragement, I wish to secure my Friends Approbation. I charge you, blot my Folly from your Remembrance.

I am

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I am summoned down Stairs to Mr. Lovewell; and as my Mama is going out upon Business, I must lay aside my Pen. I will scribble before I resign it, that I am, my dear,

Your's unalterably,

HARRIET.

LETTER XV.

EMILIA to HARRIET.

I Joyfully embrace the very first Opportunity of congratulating my dearest Friend on her late Escape, and her happy Nuptials. Oh! how my Heart bled for your Sufferings! and how I execrated the vile Wretches!

You know I always disliked Miss *Flareit*, and have wondered at your Partiality in her Favour. I am thankful to the Deity, that you are convinced of her Depravity of Heart, without any other Suffering, than Apprehension, and Terror.

My Admiration of Mr. *Lovewell's* Behaviour, and your ingenuous Confession of your mistaken Conduct, I cannot sufficiently

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ficiently express; you both deserve the highest Encomiums; and have our united, most earnest Wishes for your Happiness.

Mr. Sydney, his Lady, and my Lover, breakfasted with us on the appointed Morning; we then repaired to Church, where I behaved much better than I expected. My dear Husband testified by his Looks, the Sentiments of his Heart; and when we had received the Nuptial Benediction, embraced me in the most tender Manner. My Parents, and Mr. Sydney's Uncle and Aunt, came forward and wished us Joy. We then returned home. Mr. Trainwell and his Sister were invited to Dinner, but begged to defer their Visit till the next Day.

On our Entrance into the Parlour, My dearest Life, said Mr. Sydney, how my
Heart

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Heart overflows with Transport at this happy Event! I hope you do not feel much less Joy on the Occasion! Assure yourself Sir, cryed I, my Sentiments are equally tender, and our Happiness is reciprocal. How blest will be my Life in endeavouring to render your's happy!

We past the Day in a Manner suitable to the Occasion. The next Morning, I sent to intreat the Favour of Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill's* Company, who complied with my Desire.

They sincerely congratulated us; but the Remembrance of their dear deceased Daughter, and the Recollection of her Marriage with Sir *William Friendly*, filled their Eyes with Tears. They begged I would be with them as much as possible, assuring me my Company was more agreeable to them, than that of any other Person,

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son, as I had given such convincing Proofs of my Regard for their blessed Daughter, and had administered Comfort to them in their Affliction.

I with Pleasure promised to accept their obliging Invitation, and then turned the Discourse, as this Subject had sensibly affected them. Mr. and Miss *Trainwell* came in the Afternoon, which we passed chearfully; and I had the Satisfaction to observe Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill* were less melancholy than in the Morning.

You tell me you wish to see me. Ah! my Friend, to have you near me would crown my Felicity; and I must acquaint you, here is an extreme good House, with a fine Garden, a great deal of Land, and other Conveniences, within half a Mile of us, to be disposed of; the Gentleman to whom it belonged, is dead, and his

his Widow, a very gay Lady, intends as soon as the House is sold, to settle at *Bath*. My dear, consult your Mama and Mr. *Lovewell*, who will I hope have no Objection; let me indulge the sweet Hope of having you for a Neighbour. I have a thousand Things to say to you, and shall wait your Answer with Impatience.

You cannot be truly sensible of Mr. *Sydney's* Merit without being an Eye Witness of it. I have the Satisfaction to find his Love increases, with my Endeavours to deserve it. What a delightful Situation is Our's! To be united to two Men, whose Equals the whole World can scarcely produce, and to be convinced every Action of ours contributes to their Happiness, and strengthens their Affections!

Oh!

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Oh! how different from those sordid Matches, where nothing is required, but a large Estate, or a Title, to make a Woman throw herself away on a Wretch; whose exalted Station only serves to render him more conspicuously despicable! Is it possible for Happiness to subsist, where Love, the essential Basis, is wanting? where the Husband and Wife seek in different Companies that Satisfaction they cannot enjoy in a mutual Interchange of Sentiment, which the Considerate and Worthy esteem the most delightful Converse? Mrs. *Lucas* (the Lady whose House I have recommended) is an Example of the Insufficiency of mercenary Views to secure Happiness.

She married Mr. *Lucas* (who was then sixty-five, and she only seventeen) on account of his very large Estate. As she had an inconsiderable Fortune, she sa-

L

crificed

crificed her Youth and Beauty, for the Charms of Splendour. Mr. *Lucas's* Ill-nature and Moroseness, rendered him abhorred by his Acquaintance: however, she so artfully managed him, that he behaved very well to her, and at his Decease left her above fifty thousand Pounds.

She does not affect to be concerned, which indeed would be only Grimace; but on the contrary, behaves with indecent Mirth, and has justly incurred the Censures of the Neighbourhood. Poor Woman! she is really very pretty, and her extreme Youth (for she is now no more than nineteen) and great Gaiety betray her into a thousand Follies, which I hope she will condemn and avoid, when her Judgement strengthens.

We all seem to be one Family, for
my

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my Uncle and Aunt are generally at our House, or we at their's; and Mr. and Mrs. *Goodwill* are frequently with us, and appear somewhat to have regained their natural Chearfulness.

Let me not be disappointed in the pleasing Expectation of enjoying your Society. You will find, my dear, the Country has Charms, you will bring with you Happiness; and I think you will not wish to see *London*, except for a Month or two in the Winter, and then perhaps we may accompany you to Town, where the Intercourse between the two Families will be, amidst a busy World, our highest Enjoyment.

Come then, my beloved Friend, and increase your own, by communicating Happiness. I hope your Answer to this will conclude our literary Correspondence,

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and that it will contain an Assurance of
your acquiescence with the Wishes of

Your happy and truly affectionate

EMILIA SYDNEY.

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LETTER XVI.

HARRIET to EMILIA,

WELL my dear, the awful Ceremony is over, and your *Harriet* is shackled for Life; but don't imagine I begin to repent, for I receive so many Proofs of Mr. *Lovewell's* Affection, that I never was so happy.

I shall not send you the Particulars, but only acquaint you, my Satisfaction was inexpressible to perceive the Joy our Union gave my Husband and Mother,

I repeated to these dear Persons the Errors I had been guilty of, and found Pleasure in the Confession, as I determined never to relapse. Mr. *Lovewell* viewed me with so much Tenderness, while I

was upbraiding myself, that the Tears stole from his Eyes, and embracing me, he declared, that a Woman who thus disclaimed those little Follies, which the Custom of the World seemed to authorize, gave the highest Proof of her good Sense, and well disposed Mind. I assured him I would endeavour to regulate my Behaviour, in such a Manner, as to render it always agreeable to him. Indeed my dear we are the happiest of Women. I did not deserve such a Man as Mr. *Lovewell*, though your Merit entitled you to a *Sydney*. However I won't depreciate myself. A Confession of and Resolution to correct one's Errors, is some Degree of Merit, and I have entirely subdued my Inclination for Folly. My Heart is still gay, but it is free from Levity.

I received on Tuesday a Letter from *Laurinda*, which proves the Strength and
good

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good Effects of her Resolution. Mr. Love-
well highly applauds, and esteems her. I
will transcribe her Letter for your Perusal.

“ Dearest Madam,
“ I cannot sufficiently express my Gra-
“ titude for your unmerited Favours. The
“ Account in your last would, some time
“ ago, have occasioned me a great deal
“ of Uneasiness; but by the Assistance
“ of the Deity, I have now entirely con-
“ quered that violent Passion, which was
“ the Foundation of all my Guilt. I
“ look back with Horror and Amaze-
“ ment, on the Time when I thought
“ Sir George Townly the most amiable of
“ his Sex. Blinded by my Vanity at first,
“ and afterwards yielding to a more pow-
“ erful Passion, I did not perceive those
“ Defects which were obvious to others.
“ What inseparable Companions are Cow-
“ ardice and Villainy! Sir George is just-

“ ly treated with the Contempt of Man;
 “ kind. I cannot help pitying the poor
 “ Wretch, though he does not deserve it;
 “ at least from me, whom he has so bar-
 “ barously wronged.

“ I am thankful to that Power, who
 “ has enabled me to subdue those Emo-
 “ tions, which for some time, rendered me
 “ incapable of performing my Duty. I
 “ now find myself composed and serene.
 “ I have, I hope, made my Peace with
 “ Heaven, and my whole future Life shall
 “ be devoted to the Worship of the Di-
 “ vine Being, whom I have so greatly
 “ offended.

“ You can't imagine, dearest Madam,
 “ the Difference I perceive in myself.
 “ When I was with you, the Remem-
 “ brance of my unexpiated Guilt, and
 “ too great Love for the Author of it,
 “ made

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“made me continually wretched. I now
“entirely forgive Sir George, who I
“hope will feel unfeigned Repentance,
“and am in Peace with the whole World.
“What a desirable Situation! Pray for
“me, that I may continue steady in my
“Duty.

“Give me leave, dearest Madam, to
“wish you and Mr. Lovewell all ima-
“ginable Happiness. I am convinced
“of his Merit, and that it is in your
“Power fully to reward it. To be as-
“sured of your Felicity, and that you
“still love me with the same Affection,
“will afford the utmost Satisfaction to,

“Dearest Madam,
“Your faithful and much obliged

“LAURINDA.”

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I am certain I shall give you Pleasure, when I acquaint you Mr. *Lovewell* has purchased the House, Furniture, &c. of Mrs. *Lucas*. She leaves the Country this Day, and we intend setting out on Wednesday, having been informed by the Person we sent down to buy the House, that every thing is in Order for us. My dearest Friend! I anticipate the Pleasure I shall enjoy in your Company.

My Mother is to live with us, and we are to be in Town two or three Months in the Winter. We have disposed of the House Mr. *Lovewell* resided in before we married, and are to be in my Mama's while we are in *London*. You are very kind to promise coming up. With such a Society, Town and Country must be delightful.

Expect to see a prodigious Alteration
in

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in me. I am grown quite grave, but to confess the Truth, I never was so happy as now.

Adieu! my valuable Friend! You will scarcely have Time to read this Letter, before I shall in Person convince you, that Absence has not the least abated the Affection of

Your sincere and ever faithful

HARRIET LOVEWELL.

CON-

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contains the story of their lives to which

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and their friends. The first part of the work
contains the story of their lives to which
is added a list of the names of the friends
who have been associated with them.



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and to the friends of the family.

included in the foregoing.

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and the friends of the family.



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